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## REVIEWS

*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*  
Second Series. 3 vols. Dublin, Wake-  
man; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

The appearance of a genuine Irish book, bound in emerald green, bearing the Dublin imprint, replete with the racy humour, the quaint shrewdness, the apparent simplicity and real craftiness, of the Irish peasantry, ought to conciliate critics of "sterner stuff" than we can boast. Even had we come to our task with all the gravity that a just sense of a reviewer's dignity inspires, and with the judicial solemnity derived from our knowledge of all the canons, laws, and statutes, duly "made and provided," from the days of Aristotle to those of Francis Jeffrey, the author's amusing preface would have driven us from our propriety, and sent into oblivion all the standards of taste and rules of composition, that were ever devised to plague authors and delude readers. The writer is indeed as wild an Irishman as any of those whom he describes; his freaks with the pen as strange as theirs with the cudgel; his blows dealt as recklessly, and his hits full as hard. With astounding audacity he commences by a fierce attack on the system of trade criticism; and, to the great mortification of our editorial vanity, we must confess that we have said few things better on the subject than are contained in the following pithy observations:—

"With respect to the contents of this *Second Series*, the author has only to observe, that the volumes constituting the *First Series* had an excellent sale, considering that they were of Irish manufacture. They are now getting into a third edition, and much of their success may probably be ascribed to the fact of their never having been puffed; for no man excites more notice than he who runs counter to the fashion."

But the success of the former series proved more than the certainty of a good work's succeeding without the aid of puffing: it established the fact, that even the advice of injudicious friends, and a desire to please unwise patrons, cannot destroy, though it may weaken, the pleasure derived from accurate portraits of human nature; and that the charms of truth are discernible even amid the exaggerations of caricature. Let us, however, "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," and ascribe to the suggestions of no very prudent friends, the constant efforts made, in the *first series*, to throw ridicule on the doctrines and ceremonies of the Romish church, and the absurdity of blending controversy with lively fiction. From this fault we gladly confess that the present series is altogether free: it possesses all the merits by which the former volumes were distinguished, and is sullied by none of their defects. A critic might object to some minor matters of arrangement and typogra-

phy; but his heart must be harder than a nether mill-stone could he resist the excuse pleaded by the author:—

"The reader will be pleased to observe, that the notes which ought to have appeared in the first volume, are, in consequence of its bulk, to be found in the last. Let him not smile at this. It is an Irish work, and so far like its country, where scarcely anything is to be found in its proper place. The Author's advice was, to have them printed in a separate pamphlet, in which shape they might have accompanied the book like a poor Curate after a fat Vicar, always ready to clear up what the dulness of his superior leaves in obscurity."

"The Author ought perhaps to mention here, that when this work was nearly ready for publication, a calamitous fire reduced the printer's establishment to ashes. The 'Traits and Stories' unhappily shared the same fate: the first edition went off brilliantly in the course of one night. Had the book appeared as it was then printed, it would have rivalled anything coming from the first houses of London. It was again put through the press in a hurry, and under circumstances highly disadvantageous; and yet its typographical execution is certainly creditable to the country."

"In adverting to this subject it may be proper to state, that the last scene between Denis O'Shaughnessy and Susan is not now such as it was originally. The first contained pathos enough to deluge a whole boarding-school; but, alas! the first pathos was burned in the conflagration, and unhappily the Author is not in the habit of being twice pathetic on the same subject."

"The preface," says our author, "like every other human work, except the improvement of Ireland, must come to a close"—so must our quotations from it; and we shall proceed to examine the first volume of this *New Series*, the only one which has yet reached us.

It contains four Tales, and an Essay on Irish Swearing,—an essay of great humour and merit, but not in exact keeping with the rest of the volume. The first tale is 'The Midnight Mass,' so named from a custom, now falling into disuse, of celebrating mass at the midnight preceding Christmas morning. The story is a fearful tragedy in humble life, written with all the force of truth, and all the power that characterizes the skillful observer of nature, and the keen analyst of human character. No abstract could do it justice: we shall therefore content ourselves with some extracts descriptive of the custom from which the story derives its name:—

"This Mass having been especially associated with festivity and enjoyment, was always attended by such excessive numbers, that the ceremony was in most parishes celebrated in the open air, if the weather were at all favourable. Altogether, as we have said, the appearance of the country at this dead hour of the night, was wild and impressive. Being Christmas, every heart was up, and every pocket replenished with money, if it could at all be procured. This

general elevation of spirits was nowhere more remarkable than in contemplating the thousands of both sexes, old and young, each furnished, as before said, with a blazing flambeau of bog-fir, all streaming down the mountain sides, along the roads, or across the fields, and settling at last into one broad sheet of fire. Many a loud laugh might then be heard ringing the night echo into reverberation: mirthful was the gabble in hard, guttural Irish; and now and then a song from some one whose potatoes had been rather copious, would rise on the night breeze, to which a chorus was subjoined by a dozen voices from the neighbouring groups."

The mendicant devotee, selling his Christmas carols, in which rhyme and reason are equally maltreated, and delivering lectures on Scripture history, with a disregard of chronology and consistency, which even De Bracy's account of the tribe of Benjamin could scarcely parallel, is a prominent actor on these occasions. The following specimen of his historical lecture will probably amuse and amaze our English readers:—

"Good Christians—This is the day—how-andiver, it's night now—that the angel Lucifer appeared to Shud'orth, Meeshach, an' To-bed-we-go, in the village of Constantinople, near Jerusalem. The heavens be praised for it, 'twas a blessed an' holy night, an' remains so from that day to this—Oxis doxis glorioxis, Amin! Well: the sarra one of him but appeared to thim at the hour o' midnight, but they were asleep at the time, you see, and didn't persave him. So wid that he pulled out a horn like mine—an', by the same token, it's lucky to wear horns about one, from that day to this—an' he put it to his lips, an' *tuck* a good dacent—I mane, *gave* a good dacent blast that soon roused them. 'Are yees asleep?' says he, when they awoke; 'why then, bud-an'-age!' says he, 'isn't it a burnin' shame for able stout fellows like yees to be asleep at the hour o' midnight of all hours o' the night. Tare-an-age!' says he, 'get up wid yees, you dirty spalpeens! There's St. Patrick in Jerusalem beyant; the Pope's signin' his mittimus to Ireland, to bless it in regard that neither corn, nor barley, nor phatics, will grow an the land in quensequence of a set of varmint that ates it up; an' there's not a glass o' whiskey to be had in Ireland for love or money,' says Lucifer. \* \* \* And now says he, 'bekase you wor so heavy-headed, I order it from this out, that the present night is to be observed in the Catholic church all over the world, an' must be kep holy; an' no thrue Catholic ever will miss from this period an opportunity of bein' awake at midnight,' says he. An' now, good Christians, you have an account o' the blessed carol I was singin' for yees. They're but hapuns a-piece; an' anybody that has the grace to keep one o' these about them, will never meet wid sudden deaths or accidents, such as hangin', or drownin', or bein' taken suddenly wid a configuration inwardly."

There is great pictorial skill displayed in the sketch of the congregation assembled at night, and joining in a solemn act of worship.

"He who stood at midnight upon a little mount which rose behind the chapel, might see between five and six thousand torches, all blazing together, and forming a level mass of red dusky light, burning against the dark horizon. These torches were so close to each other that their light seemed to blend, as if they had constituted one wide surface of flame; and nothing could be more preternatural-looking than the striking and devotional countenances of those who were assembled at their midnight worship, when observed beneath this canopy of fire. The Mass was performed under the open sky, upon a table covered with the sacrificial linen and other apparatus for the ceremony. The priest stood, robed in white, with two large torches on each side of his book, reciting the prayers in a low, rapid voice, his hands raised, whilst the congregation were hushed and bent forward in the reverential silence of devotion, their faces touched by the strong blaze of the torches into an expression of deep solemnity. The scenery about the place was wild and striking; and the stars, scattered thinly over the heavens, twinkled with a faint religious light, that blended well with the solemnity of this extraordinary worship, and rendered the rugged nature of the abrupt cliffs and precipices, together with the still outline of the stern mountains, sufficiently visible to add to the wildness and singularity of the ceremony. In fact, there was an unearthly character about it; and the spectre-like appearance of the white-robed priest, as he

Muttered his prayer to the midnight air, would almost impress a man with the belief that it was a meeting of the dead, and that the priest was repeating, like the Grey Friar, his

Mass of the days that were gone."

"The Donagh" is a tale still more tragic than the preceding: there is an appalling reality about its most minute details that actually chills the blood. It is equally impossible to make any extract from it, because all the parts cohere so firmly, that a detached portion would be unintelligible.

"Phil Purcel, the Pig-driver," is a most laughable sketch. Phil is the very *beau idéal* of an astute peasant hiding knavish craftiness beneath a mask of affected simplicity. Scapin was a fool to him in real roguery; Davie Gellatly a Solomon in apparent innocence. His adventures in defrauding sensible Englishmen, by inspiring them with a sense of superiority that banished suspicion, would have excited the envy of Lazarillo de Tormes. But his trick on his own countrymen is perhaps still more creditable to his fame; for

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

A body of Irish labourers having taken forcible possession of the deck of a merchant vessel, in numbers that precluded all chance of a safe voyage, Phil offered his services to the captain, and cleared the deck by an expedient equally novel and characteristic. The captain first tries the effect of eloquence:—

"I say, boys," he added, proceeding to address them once more—"I say, savages, I have just three observations to make. The first is,—

"Arrah, Captain, avourneen, hadn't you better get upon a stool," said a voice, "an' put a text before it, thin divide it decently into three halves, an' make a sermon of it."

"Captain, you wor intinded for the church," added another. "You're the moral [model] of a Methodist preacher, if you wor dressed in black."

"The captain's face was literally black with passion: he turned away with a curse, which produced another huzza, and swore that he would

rather encounter the Bay of Biscay in a storm, than have anything to do with such an unmanageable mob."

Phil now comes on the stage.

"Captain," said a little, shrewd-looking Can-naught man, "what 'ud you be willin' to give any body, over an' abow his free passage, that 'ud tell you how to get one half o' them out?"

"I'll give him a crown," replied the captain, "together with grog and rations."

"Thin I'll do it fwhor you, Sir, if you keep your word wit me."

"Done," said the Captain, "it's a bargain, my good fellow, if you accomplish it; and, what's more, I'll consider you a knowing one."

"I'm a poor Can-naught man, your haner," replied our friend Phil, "but what's to prevint me thyrin'? Tell thin," he continued, "that you must go; purtind to be fwhor takin' thin wit you, Sir. Put Munshther agin Can-naught, one half an this side, an' the other an that, to keep the crathur of a ship steady, your haner; an' fwhin you have thin half an' half, wit a little room be-tuxt thin, "now," says your haner, "boys, you're divided into two halves; if one side kicks the other out o' the ship, I'll bring the conquerors."

The captain said not a word in reply to Phil, but immediately ranged the Munster and Can-naught men on each side of the deck. \* \* \*

"Now," said he, "there you stand: let one half of you drub the other out of the vessel, and the conquerors shall get their passage."

Instant was the struggle that ensued for the sake of securing a passage, and from the anxiety to save a shilling, by getting out of Liverpool on that day. \* \* \*

When the attack first commenced, each party hoped to be able to expel the other without blows. This plan was soon abandoned. In a few minutes the sticks and fists were busy. Throttling, tugging, cuffing, and knocking down—shouting, hallooing, huzzaing, and yelling, gave evident proofs that the captain, in embracing Phil's proposal, had unwittingly applied the match to a mine, whose explosion was likely to be attended with disastrous consequences. \* \*

The immense crowd which had now assembled to witness the fight among the Irishmen, could not stand tamely by, and see so many lives likely to be lost, without calling in the civil authorities. A number of constables in a few minutes attended; but these worthy officers of the civil authorities experienced very uncivil treatment from the fists, cudgels, and sickles of both parties. In fact, they were obliged to get from among the rioters with all possible celerity, and to suggest to the magistrates the necessity of calling in the military.

In the meantime the battle rose into a furious and bitter struggle for victory. \* \* Several were pitched into the hold, and had their legs and arms broken by the fall: some were tossed over the sides of the vessel, and only saved from drowning by the activity of the sailors; and not a few of those who had been knocked down in the beginning of the fray were trampled into insensibility.

The Munster men at length gave way: and their opponents, following up their advantage, succeeded in driving them to a man out of the vessel, just as the military arrived."

The "Geography of an Irish Oath" is a tale full of that practical morality and sound common sense, for which Miss Edgeworth's Tales were so remarkable. It details the progress of an honest couple from poverty to wealth, by the means of patient and prudent industry.

We shall anxiously expect the two remaining volumes of this interesting work; for that before us contains more information respecting the characters, habits, and feelings of the Irish peasantry than any that has for a long

time come before the British public. We are sorry, however, to miss Brooke's lively sketches, which formed an additional attraction to the former series.

*Poems, (now first published.)* By Alfred Tennyson. London: Moxon.

MR. TENNYSON is unquestionably a poet of fancy, feeling, and imagination; gifted with a deep sense of the beautiful, and endowed with a spirit "finely touched," and often to "fine issues." Where he suffers his thoughts to follow the natural current of his feelings, instead of sending them painfully out in search of metaphysical subtleties, and ingenious refinements, they lead him invariably into regions breathing the legitimate and undeniable air of poetry, and along paths bright with some of its very sweetest flowers. Mr. Tennyson is never so happy as when he is simple; and yet he takes an unaccountable delight in being fanciful to the verge (nay, till he is often utterly lost to us, within the precincts) of unintelligibility. Imbued with an evident love of our own early writers, he has not been content to catch—as he has undoubtedly done—their passion and their pathos, their fine imagination, their boldness of thought, their frequent felicity of expression, and, above all, their beautiful appreciation of the female character;—but he has felt it necessary to transplant into his own style, the quaint conceits, the elaborate subtleties, the clumsy allegories, and but too many of the affectations of a school utterly and long since disavowed,—affectations which we have much ado to forgive, even to the old writers, on the plea of the spirit of their times, and in favour of the unrivalled beauties with which they are associated. So strong, indeed, seems to be Mr. Tennyson's love of singularity, that either that which is antiquated, or that which is palpable innovation, (be it in thought, or expression, or orthography,) possesses an irresistible charm for him; and accordingly his poetry is marred, and its beauty disfigured, and sometimes absolutely concealed, not only by discarded phrase and obsolete pronunciation, but by words newly compounded after the German model; and which the eye is some time before it has learned to read. We must just advert, also, to his broken and irregular measures, for the sake of observing, that he gives himself a licence in that respect, which, with his obvious sensibility to melody and finely-toned ear, has the effect of carelessness.

We have mentioned all these peculiarities of Mr. Tennyson's style, because they are all in his own wrong, and hinder the due appreciation of the fine poetic spirit that is in him. The unstudied language of enthusiasm, the spontaneous voice of passion, or the inartificial language of feeling, (and Mr. Tennyson can speak them all,) are all poetry, and are only robbed of their effect by the sort of coolness and deliberation implied in the attempt to make them speak in any other forms than those which it would be natural for them to use. Why, when Mr. Tennyson can deal so delightfully as he does with the moral and natural influences, should he puzzle himself with running after an idea, which, from his apparent earnestness, we have no doubt he thinks he perceives, but which we confess is often too attenuated and minute for our perception? Or why, being the man

he is, should he distress himself with an inquiry like the following?—

Who can say  
Why today  
Tomorrow will be yesterday?  
Who can tell  
Why to smile  
The violet, recalls the dewy prime  
Of youth and buried time?  
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

And this, our readers will observe, is not *part* but the *whole* of a poem; and no doubt they will agree with us, in wondering that any man who can give us such poems as the following, should have taken the trouble to write it:—

*The Miller's Daughter.*

I met in all the close green ways,  
While walking with my line and rod,  
The wealthy miller's mealy face,  
Like the moon in an ivy-od.  
He looked so jolly and so good—  
While fishing in the milldam-water,  
I laughed to see him as he stood,  
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.

I see the wealthy miller yet—  
His double chin—his portly size;  
The busy wrinkles round his eyes,  
The slow wide smile, that, round about  
His dusty forehead drily curled,  
Seemed half-within, and half-without,  
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit—  
Three fingers round the old silver cup:  
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet  
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up  
With summer lightning of a soul  
So full of summer warmth, so glad,  
So healthy, sound and clear and whole,  
His memory scarce makes me sad.

Yet fill my glass,—give me one kiss;  
My darling Alice, we must die.  
There's somewhat in this world amiss,  
Shall be unriddled by and by.  
There's somewhat flows to us in life,  
But more is taken quite away.  
Pray, Alice, pray, my own sweet wife,  
That we may die the selfsame day.

How dear to me in youth, my love,  
Was everything about the mill,  
The black and silent pool above,  
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still,  
The mealsacks on the whitened floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal!

Remember you that pleasant day  
When, after roving in the woods,  
('Twas April then) I came and lay  
Beneath those canopy chestnut-trees  
That glistened in the April blue,  
Upon the slope so smooth and cool,  
I lay and never thought of you,  
But angled in the deep millpool.

A water-rat from off the bank  
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,  
Downlooking through the sedges rank,  
I saw your troubled image there.  
Upon the dark and dimpled beck  
It wandered like a floating light,  
A full fair form, a warm white neck,  
And two white arms—how rosy white!  
If you remember, you had set  
Upon the narrow casement-edge  
A long green box of mignonette,  
And you were leaning from the ledge.

In rambling on the eastern wold,  
When through the showery April nights  
Their hucless crescent glimmered cold,  
From all the other village-lights  
I knew your taper far away.  
My heart was full of trembling hope.  
Down from the wold I came and lay  
Upon the dewywarded slope.  
The white chalkquarry from the hill  
Upon the broken ripple gleamed,  
I murmured lowly, sitting still  
While round my feet the eddy streamed:  
"Oh! that I were the wreath she wreathes,  
The mirror where her sight she feeds,  
The song she sings, the air she breathes,  
The letters of the book she reads."

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin,  
And, in the pauses of the wind,  
Sometimes I heard you sing within,  
Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind,

At last you rose, and moved the light,  
And the long shadow of the chair  
Flitted across into the night,  
And all the casement darkened there.

I loved, but when I dared to speak  
My love, the lanes were white with May,  
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek  
Flushed like the coming of the day.  
Roscheek, roselipt, half-sly, half-shy,  
You would, and would not, little one,  
Altho' I pleaded tenderly,  
And you and I were all alone.  
Remember you the clear moonlight,  
That whitened all the eastern ridge,  
When o'er the water, dancing white,  
I stepped upon the old millbridge?  
I heard you whisper from above  
A lute-toned whisper, "I am here,"  
I murmured, "Speak again, my love,  
The stream is loud: I cannot hear."

Come, Alice, sing to me the song  
I made you on our marriage-day,  
When, arm in arm, we went along  
Half-tearfully, and you were gay  
With brooch and ring: for I shall seem,  
The while you sing that song, to hear  
The millwheel turning in the stream,  
And the green chestnut whisper near.

SONG.

I wish I were her earring,  
Ambushed in auburn ringlets sleek,  
(So might my shadow tremble  
Over her downy cheek.)  
Hid in her hair, all day and night,  
Touching her neck so warm and white.

I wish I were the giraffe  
Buckled about her dainty waist,  
That her heart might beat against me,  
In sorrow and in rest.  
I should know well if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

I wish I were her necklace,  
So might I ever fall and rise  
Upon her balmy bosom  
With her laughter, or her sighs.  
I would be round so warm and light,  
I would not be unclasped at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—  
True love interprets right alone;  
For o'er each letter broods and dwells,  
(Like light from running waters thrown  
On flowery swaths) the blissful flame  
Of his sweet eyes, that, day and night,  
With pulses thrilling through his frame  
Do only tremble, starry-bright.  
How I waste language—yet in truth  
You must blame love, whose early rage  
Made me a rhymester in my youth,  
And over-garulous in age.  
Since me that other song I made,  
Half-angered with my happy lot,  
When in the breezy linewood-shade,  
I found the blue forget-me-not.

SONG.

All yesterday you met me not.  
My ladylove, forget me not.  
When I am gone, regret me not.  
But, here or there, forget me not.  
With your arched eyebrow threat me not,  
And tremulous eyes, like April skies,  
That seem to say, "forget me not."  
I pray you, love, forget me not.  
In idle sorrow set me not;  
Regret me not—forget me not;  
Oh! leave me not—oh, let me not  
Wear quite away—forget me not.  
With roguish laughter fret me not  
From dewy eyes, like April skies,  
That ever look, "forget me not,"  
Blue as the blue forget-me-not.

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,  
Round my true heart thine arms entwine,  
My other dearer life in thine,  
Look thro' my very soul with thine.  
Untouched with any shade of grey,  
May these kind eyes for ever dwell,  
They have not shed a many tears,  
Dear eyes! since first I knew them well.  
I've half a mind to walk, my love,  
To the old mill across the wolds,  
For look! the sunset from above  
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,  
And fires your narrow casement-glass,  
Touching the sullen pool below.  
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass  
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

One of the most finished and delightful  
poems in Mr. Tennyson's former volume,  
was entitled 'Mariana, in the Moated

Grange,' and we have here a continuation of  
the same poem, and in the same spirit, en-  
titled, 'Mariana in the South':—but we  
must pass it by, to lay the following touching  
verses before our readers:—

*Newyear's Eve.*

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother  
dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear.  
It is the last Newyear that I shall ever see,  
Then ye may lay me low i' the mould and think no  
more o' me.

Tonight I saw the sun set: he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace  
of mind;  
And the Newyear's coming up, mother, but I shall  
never see  
The may upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry  
day;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me  
Queen of May;  
And we danced about the maypole, and in the hazel-  
copse,  
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chim-  
ney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the  
pane:

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on  
high—  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er  
the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering  
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave o'  
mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world  
is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the  
waning light,  
Ye'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow  
cool,  
On the oatgrass and the swordgrass, and the bulrush in  
the pool.

Ye'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn  
shade,  
And ye'll come sometimes and see me where I am  
lowly laid.  
I shall not forget ye, mother, I shall hear ye when ye  
pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant  
grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye'll forgive me  
now;  
Ye'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and  
brow;  
Nay—nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
Ye should not fret for me, mother, ye have another  
child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting  
place;  
Tho' ye'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your  
face;  
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what  
ye say,  
And be often—often with ye when ye think I'm far  
away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for  
evermore,  
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the  
door;  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be grow-  
ing green:  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my gartentools upon the granary floor:  
Let her take 'em: they are her's: I shall never garden  
more;  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that  
I set,  
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother: call me when it begins to  
dawn.  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn:  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother  
dear.

The poem of 'The Hesperides,' we confess,  
is beyond us, and we will at once hand it  
over to Christopher North. Neither do we  
greatly care if he take charge of the allego-



rical poem, 'The Palace of Art.' But we will, ourselves, call upon Mr. Tennyson to save himself the trouble (however small) necessary for penning such verses as those beginning, "O darling room";—and to give us, in their place, as many poems as he chooses, like the following:—

*The Death of the Old Year.*

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:  
Toll ye the churchbell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die.

You came to us so readily.

You lived with us so steadily,

Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:

He will not see the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true true love,

And the New-year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go.

So long as you have been with us,

Such joy as you have seen with us,

Old year you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;

A jollier year we shall not see.

But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,

And tho' his toes speak ill of him,

He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die.

We did so laugh and cry with you,

I've half a mind to die with you,

Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,

But all his merry quips are o'er.

To see him die, across the waste

His son and heir doth ride posthaste,

But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,

And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,

Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow

I heard just now the crowing cock.

The shadows flicker to and fro;

The cricket chirps: the light burns low:

'Tis nearly one o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.

Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.

What is it we can do for you?—

Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.

Alack! our friend is gone.

Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:

Step from the corpse, and let him in

That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,

And a new face at the door, my friend,

A new face at the door.

There is fine dream-like poetry in the 'Lotos Eaters'—and the lines 'To J. S.' are full of sweet and quiet beauty. But the poem of poems in this volume, is 'Enone'; wild—fanciful—chaste—and touching. And yet, from this poem we might extract the first twenty lines, as an example of the disagreeable effect produced by Mr. Tennyson's method of compounding his words, and writing down the compounds. But we prefer transferring to our pages some of its fine poetry, although it must be by snatches and lines, for our extracts are exceeding all reasonable length. First, the approach of Enone:—

*Hither came*

Mourful Enone wandering forlorn  
Of Paris, once her playmate. Round her neck,  
Her neck all marble-white and marblecold,  
Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.  
She, leaning on a vine-entwined stone,  
Sung to the stillness, till the mountain-shadow  
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass,  
The lizard with his shadow on the stone  
Sleeps like a shadow, and the scarletwinged  
Cicala in the noonday leapeth not:  
Along the water-rounded granite rock  
The purple flower droops: the golden bee  
Is hylered: I alone awake,  
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,  
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,  
And I am all aware of my life."

Here is the description of Venus, when she appeared before Paris:—

O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Italian Aphrodite oceanborn,  
Fresh as the foam, newshowered in Paphian wells,  
With rosy slender fingers upward drew  
From her warm brow and combed her dark hair  
Fragrant and thick, and on her head upboud  
In a purple band: below her lucid neck  
Shone ivorylike, and from the ground her foot  
Gleamed rosywhite, and o'er her rounded form  
Between the shadows of the vinebenches  
Floated the glowing sunlight, as she moved.

Here again is Enone in her deep sorrow:

Never, nevermore  
Shall I see Enone see the morning mist  
Sweep thro' them—never see them overlaid  
With narrow moonlit slips of silver cloud,  
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

Oh! mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,  
In this green valley, under this green hill,  
E'en on this hand, and sitting on this stone?  
Scented it with kisses? watered it with tears?  
Oh happy tears, and how unlike to these!  
Oh happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
Oh happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?  
O death, death, death, thou everfloating cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this earth,  
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:  
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.  
Thou weightiest heavy on the heart within,  
Weigh heavy on my eyelids—let me die.

In reverence and respect for his genius, we have not hesitated to point out the errors of the poet—his beauties will speak for themselves, and apologise for the unusual length of this article.

*The Botanical Miscellany, containing Figures and Descriptions of such Plants as recommend themselves by their Novelty, Rarity, or History, or by the uses to which they are applied in the Arts, in Medicine, and in Domestic Economy.* By William Jackson Hooker, LL.D. F.R.S. & L.S., and Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow. 8vo. London: Murray.

On a former occasion we spoke favourably of this work. It has since assumed a more definite shape, having reached its eighth part: and we are happy to find that the good opinion of it we at first entertained has been fully justified by the manner in which it has been continued.

It is now a repository of a great variety of interesting and important papers upon a number of subjects relating, not only to pure Botany, but also to the effects of climate upon vegetation, and to the application of the science to subjects of importance both to commerce and agriculture. When the 'Annals of Botany' of Dr. Sims and Mr. König were discontinued, a great want was felt of some channel through which the discoveries of continental botanists, or the occasional brief but important memoranda of men of science in this country, could be brought before the public. The Linnean Society received nothing but original communications, and the publication of even these was frequently so long delayed, in part from unavoidable circumstances, and in part from the dilatory habits of parties who shall be nameless, as to deter naturalists from making the *Transactions* of that learned body the medium of publication. The scientific journals afforded the only means that could be conveniently employed; but their contents, being necessarily of a mixed character, could only embrace a small portion of Botany; so that he who purchased them for the sake of the botanical papers only, was always obliged to pay for a

great quantity of information which, however valuable, was not what he wanted.

Dr. Hooker has therefore, in our judgment, conferred an important service upon the public in undertaking 'The Botanical Miscellany,' which, if only indifferently executed, would have been extremely useful,—but which, brought out as it is with skill and talent of a very high order, has become a work that ought to be in the hands of every botanist and botanical amateur.

The last part of this work contains, among other valuable papers, the commencement of a descriptive Catalogue of the plants that have been sent from the western coast of South America by the many English travellers and collectors who have of late years visited Chili and Peru for the purpose of enriching their native country with the vegetable productions of those distant regions. To the purchasers of the dried plants of the collectors, Cuming, Mathews, and Bridges, or to the possessors of the plants of Mr. Macrae, of Dr. Gillies, the enterprising but ill-requited philanthropist, of Mendoza, and of Messrs. Caldehough and Crackhanks, this catalogue will be invaluable, because it will be the means of ensuring a uniform nomenclature to some thousand species now dispersed throughout the Herbaria of all Europe. When we see such men as Dr. Hooker taking upon themselves the accomplishment of labours like this, in the midst of duties of no trifling kind connected with his professional chair, we cannot but look with something like indignation upon the *fainéantise* of those into whose hands the government collections have been falling for the last thirty years, for no earthly purpose, as far as the public is concerned;—of such men and such collections it may be truly said, *nihil patrium nisi nomen*.

One of the papers that will prove most interesting to the general reader, is a very curious account of the province of Emerina, in Madagascar, drawn up from the journals of Messrs. Hilsenberg and Bojer, two German botanists, who resided there for a year. With some extracts from this we must conclude our notice:—

"The province of Emerina, which may be regarded as the centre of Madagascar, but whose geographical situation is not correctly known, is divided into several sub-provinces or dependencies. It is the most elevated district of the whole of this vast island, and, for the same reason, also the healthiest, being the only part where the life of an European is not in hazard.

"Rice, the great object of Madagascar culture, and the principal article of their food, is well known to prefer marshy spots; consequently, the low-lying grounds, where the water does not run off, or the sides of the river, where inundation is easy, are preferred for this purpose. After having divided the plot into little squares with the spade, called *Fangaili*, the rice is thrown in, which soon germinates, and, after transplantation, yields a hundred-fold.

"After rice, manioc and batatas are the chief articles of food. The roots of manioc often acquire a monstrous size, and we have measured some which were fifteen feet long, and almost a foot in diameter. Then come maize, seasoned herbs, 'giromonds,' calabashes, earth-nuts (*itrachis*), sugar-canes, pine-apples, bread-fruit, and the vine: and among the articles of manufacture are cotton and hemp, &c.; potatoes, that Mr. Hastie introduced, have thriven admirably, and are of excellent quality.

"Emerina is very productive in cattle, which are remarkably large and fat; there are, also,

many sheep, differing little from goats, being covered with hair instead of wool. Their heads, however, are broader, and their tails so big, as frequently to weigh nine or ten pounds. Hogs and cabris also abound; but by an absurd command of the ancient kings, they are not allowed to come near the capital, and are kept at five or six leagues distance.

"Notwithstanding the productions that we have enumerated, the inhabitants of Madagascar are but ill-fed for half the year—they prefer fried grasshoppers and silk-worms, esteeming the latter a great delicacy; but their principal dainty is the flesh of an unborn and but half-formed calf, to obtain which, they frequently destroy the cows;—an inhuman practice, which, since our visit to Emerina, has been forbidden by government.

"The inhabitants of the province of Emerina call themselves *Iluwa* or *Ambaniandra*, and ironically, *Ambualambu*, (dog and hog); a name originally conferred on them by their enemies, the *Saccalawa*, and under which they are known in the colonies. In person, they are about the middling stature of Europeans; their colour varies considerably, some being very black, others only swarthy, but the complexion of the greater number is olive brown. All those who are black, have woolly hair, like the negroes of the African coast; while those who resemble mulattoes or Indians in tint, have long hair like Europeans; their features are very regular, with fine eyes, and well-set teeth, which they have a custom of blackening at intervals with the root of a climbing plant, the *Lingun*, with the intention of rendering them whiter. In disposition, they are lively and obliging; but vain, capricious, revengeful, and avaricious. They are very ready in the use and application of their bodily powers; and in the great assemblies or *Khabars*, often exhibit much genius and natural eloquence."

It appears, that these people are extremely superstitious.

"The *Skide*, or oracle of the *Madagasses*, which is daily interrogated by them, consists in a very fine sand, which they put in a fan used for cleansing the rice, and make prayers over it; afterwards, they boil it several times, and, having traced an indistinct sort of writing upon it, they pretend to discover the past, present, and future, by these ceremonies. If sick or uneasy, or if they desire to be informed of the health of their friends who are absent at war, they instantly consult this divinity, and give implicit credence to the answers thus obtained. They never eat anything which the *Skide* has prohibited; the royal family especially, and the nobility, will not so much as touch the presents commonly brought by their subjects, till they are assured by the oracle, that no harm or danger will result from the use of them.

"The *Tangher* (or *Tanghina*), which is the seed of a tree (*Tanghinia*) unfortunately too abundant throughout this vast island, and which is one of the swiftest and most deadly of vegetable poisons, is very often employed for the detection of theft, or as a test in any case where proof of a crime is wanting. This kernel is bruised on a stone, and infused in water, which the accused person is compelled to drink. If he maintains his innocence, and if he has no witnesses, then three bits of chicken skin are added to the dose, and he is compelled to swallow rice water, till the poison is rejected by the stomach."

The greater part of the persons subjected to this ordeal, perish; the few only, whose stomachs quickly reject it, survive.

*The Magdalen, and other Tales.* By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Moxon.

WE have been long acquainted with the genius of Sheridan Knowles; we admired it in those stern and stormy scenes of his dramas which caught the attention of the country; but far more in the domestic pictures and delineations of fireside affection and tenderness and love, which are, perhaps, more frequent in his works than in those of any other popular writer. To the first he may owe much of the applause which has been lately showered upon his plays; but to the latter he is indebted for that sure and permanent hold which he has taken of the heart of the country. In 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green' we perceived much of that loveliness to which we allude; his late admirable play is not without it; and we are glad to observe that it has flowed out of his poetry into his prose, and is to be found in its finest state in the little volume now before us. Of the *Tales* which compose it, one, much to our liking, is called 'Love and Authorship'; there is scarcely any story, and very little of authorship, but much true love; we shall give a passage or two; the following introduces us to the hero and heroine:—

"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart indeed they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

"'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; her's formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

"Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlour, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl, when many a companion of hers of the same age had begun to appear the woman.

"When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and courtseying, coloured, and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise: and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtseying, coloured again; and sat down again without having interchanged a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her, and her bulk had expanded correspondingly; while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into tenderness, the softness, and the reserve of the woman."

Tenderness, innocence, and affection, flow through the whole narrative. Theodore is present at a ball given by the mother of Rosalie; one with whom he had found favour watches his looks and motions:—

"He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him; found him sitting down with a book in his hand; perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever: a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before; and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa. \* \* \*

"As soon as the dance was done,—'Rosalie,' said Theodore, 'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?'

"I will get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, 'and meet you there;' and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

"They proceeded arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. 'Rosalie!' breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say 'Well?'

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, 'without speaking to you.' Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie, 'I think I hear them breaking up.'

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us!" said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, 'we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in.'

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause, resumed Theo-

dore, 'you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed for ever? Dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?'

"When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean *in play*, dear Rosalie," cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

"Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

"Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, that I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie! was I not always with you? Recollect, now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano-forte, but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with but you? Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me? No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife?"

"Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, 'Ask my father's consent!' she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again."

We need not tell our readers that the lovers are crossed in their love, but that they overcome all difficulties, and are married and fortunate.

We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves, that, much as we admire Mr. Knowles, he is a little too startling in his transitions, and abrupt in his dialogues. He is so fond of moving, that moving at last becomes painful. 'The Portrait,' the last story of the volume, is materially injured by a desire to astonish the reader by this highland-fling kind of vivacity; there is no repose anywhere, save in the description of the portrait of the heroine, which seems to have been well painted, and touched with a tranquil beauty of expression strangely at variance with the tale into which it is introduced.

*The Aurora Borealis, a Literary Annual.*

Edited by Members of the Society of Friends. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Empson. London: Tilt.

We announced the promised appearance of this work some time since—and, in common, we suspect, with many others, have been rather curious to see what sort of a volume our "Friends" would produce. We certainly had not anticipated anything quite so gay as

green and gold. Let us, however, acknowledge at once that it does great credit to all parties; there are but two illustrations, but they are both good, and the 'View of Rokeby' is most elaborately engraved by Miller; the literature is throughout respectable, and some papers are excellent. The Howitts, Bernard Barton, Sarah Stickney, Amelia Opie, J. H. Wiffen, Thomas Doubleday, J. J. Gurney, and H. F. Chorley, are among the known contributors; but there are clever papers by persons unknown in the literary world, and we should refer in proof to 'A Day among the Alps,' by T. G. Ward, and 'Lord Dudley's Lime Quarries,' by P. M. James.

There is one passage in 'George Fox and his Contemporaries,' by William Howitt, which we must extract:—

"The greatness of George Fox is of so striking and unequivocal a character, that whosoever has greatness in himself, cannot fail at once to discover and acknowledge it in him. For my own part, as a member of that religious society which was founded through his instrumentality, I may be considered as a partial judge; but I do not hesitate to avow, and they who know me will testify to the truth of the assertion, that I am, by no means, an admirer of any sect, as such. I am disposed rather to believe, that we carry our attachment to particular parties in the christian church, to an extent injurious to the interests of that universal church, and thus become habitually prouder of our particular badges and opinions, than zealous for the simple truth of Christ. I, for one, should rejoice to see the day when all sects should be merged in one wide and tolerant church, which should demand of its members no test, no title to admission, but an honest avowal of their belief in God, and in Jesus Christ, as his son, and the Saviour of the world; leaving to every one the same liberty of shaping his opinions on the doctrines of the New Testament, by the light of his own judgment, and by that of the Universal Spirit which dictated the sacred writings, as we claim in all other matters. This is my idea of the liberty of the Gospel. The christian world once arrived at this temper, we should see all sects and parties fade into nothing, and the cause of a thousand dissensions and heart-burnings annihilated for ever. With these views, I pride myself in the principles of Friends, only in so far as they are the principles of christianity."

This is admirable; but the philosophy of the rest of the paper is much less to our liking. Mr. Howitt overlooks one great and universal truth, that persecution and fanaticism are twin brothers.

We shall conclude by transferring to our pages a sweet little poem by Mrs. Stickney.

*The Brook and the Bird.*

BIRD.

Little brook that windest  
On thy noisy way,  
Tell me if thou findest  
Pleasure all the day?  
Art thou ever roaming  
Where the woods are green,  
Thy bright waters foaming  
Flowery banks between?

BROOK.

No! through distant meadows  
I must on my way;  
Not for evening shadows  
Would I wish to stay;  
Piercing as I wander  
Many a silent cell,  
While my streams meander  
Through the gloomy dell.

BIRD.

When the winds are howling  
O'er thy silver breast,  
And the skies are scowling,  
Findest thou no rest?

Hast thou not a cavern  
For thy nightly home,  
Like a peaceful haven,  
Where no wild winds come?

BROOK.

No! I never slumber,  
Never want the light;  
But I watch and number  
Every star of night;  
Marking all the beauty  
Of the heavenly throng,  
Mingling joy and duty,  
As I glide along.

BIRD.

When the tempest lowering  
On the distant hills,  
Sends the torrent pouring  
Down thy gentle rills;  
Art thou still believing  
Storms will cease to be,  
Never, never, grieving,  
O'er the change in thee?

BROOK.

No! and for this reason,  
Will I know no fear,  
Each returning season  
Comes with every year.  
Thus I'm never weary  
Of the sleet and rain;  
Winter winds are dreary,  
But summer smiles again.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—XXXIV.

*Euripides.* Vol. I. London: 1832. Valpy.

The publication of the thirty-fourth number of this interesting series has brought us to the third and concluding stage in the history of Grecian tragedy. The three great poets whose works have come down to us, we have regarded more as the representatives of classes, than as individual poets; we contemplated Æschylus as speaking in the name of an age and country, when everything was massive and stupendous; when men neglected the minute circumstances in gazing on mighty results; and when they necessarily did so, because the rapidity of the changes was as unparalleled as their magnitude. Again, we regarded Sophocles as the poet of a time when these tremendous revolutions had passed from the eye to the memory, and were the subject of reflection, not observation. There remained a third definite period in this march; that in which, from the reflections, practical rules of life may be deduced; when, after actual vision had roused the sterner emotions, and reminiscences had waked the softer feelings, philosophy should form both into a system that might serve at once to guide judgment and correct conduct.

It is no forced analogy that compares these epochs in the history of Grecian tragedy, with three definite stages in the intellectual history of human life. Wonder is the characteristic of the boy: he delights even in the extravagant sublime; the terrible compensates for its horrors by gratifying his love of high excitement; the "shadows, clouds, and darkness" that veil from him the secrets of the invisible world, afford him more pleasure from the intensity of their gloom, than pain from the disappointing check they give his daring; for the finite and the bounded he cares nothing, his soul expatiates in the limitless and eternal. The boy grows up to youth: his soul has been driven back from "the flaming walls that encircle space," and has learned that there are boundaries within which its flight must be confined; sympathies for the objects within grasp, become a source of consolation for the failure in the effort to attain what was beyond reach; the mind that was dazzled by sublimity derives pleasure from



beauty; the heart is for the first time touched; and the world appears but a vast theatre affording countless opportunities of developing the best affections. "A change comes o'er the spirit of this dream"—alas! it is but a dream, or rather, in the words of the old poet—

Dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade.

Ideality, with all its loveliness, yields to reality; the distant rainbow is found never to touch the earth; the remote landscape, so delightful in outline, becomes disgusting in detail, the Fata Morgana melt into air—

Even in its glory comes the fatal shade,  
And makes it like a vision fade away;  
Or stern misfortune takes a noisier'd sponge  
And clean effaces all the picture out.

Then comes the day of sober manhood: the masses are broken, the groups separated, our mind individualizes objects, and examines them as they are. The rule and the square are applied, calculation is exercised, examination is a requisite for yielding to love or hatred,—we become practical—there is a volume of meaning in the term.

Now we by no means pretend to assert that the two first stages of feeling are not essentially more poetical than the third; they are necessarily so, for ideality must be creative, reality gives the objects ready made. But we do assert, that the third class of feelings have also elements of poetry in their composition, neither so grand nor so beautiful as the former two, but yet yielding materials capable of receiving and retaining the stamp and impress of genius. And we deem it injustice to compare the poet who represents the third class with those who are personifications of the other two; to compare them, we mean, merely as poets, abstracted from all consideration of their peculiar position and their respective order.

After having been the great favourite of the learned, the beloved of the age when "there were giants" in the land, when Milton sung, and Jeremy Taylor preached, Euripides has of late been hurled from his high estate, and the entire multitude of critics speed, like a Roman mob in the days of Tiberius, to have a kick at the fallen. Schlegel denounces him as the desecrator of tragedy; the daring sacrilegious, who dragged the deity from the shrine into the porch, who made the temple a thoroughfare for the vulgar herd, instead of reserving it as a sanctuary for the pure, and compelling the profane to worship at a distance. Every syllable of the weighty charge is of course repeated in the Edinburgh Review, by whose writers Schlegel is regarded as the legislator of the critical world; and they add the fresh gravamen, or rather the inexpiable sin, that Euripides was ignorant of Scotch philosophy, and had certain theories of his own not easy to be reconciled with the dogmas of Dugald Stewart. "When we critics agree, our agreement is wonderful." Unfortunately for the poor bard, that wicked wit Aristophanes called him in plain terms "a radical"—the mere insinuation would have been enough—but the charge in direct terms—a charge also to which poor Euripides should plead—

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,  
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli,

brought upon his head all the terms of vituperation that criticism in its wildest intol-

erance ever devised; and we record with equal surprise and pleasure, that he was charitably allowed to be a poet of some merit.

We think that one half of the discussions that have taken place on the subject—and perhaps we could with truth assign a much larger proportion—have confused a class of poetry with an individual poet.

We prefer regarding Euripides in relation to his own school of poetry, to entering into an estimate of his character, as compared to men with whom he had little, indeed almost nothing, in common. His first merit is an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart, a shrewd perception of the meaner motives that mingle with those which instigate to noble deeds, and a thorough contempt for all that was merely factitious and conventional. He is, in consequence, an instructive writer, and in his efforts to convey a practical lesson, he rarely feels any scruple about the means. His analysis of the workings of passion, is always powerful, and generally pleasing; but his examination of all the motives is sometimes tedious and even repulsive:—for, after all our experience, we wish to believe in the existence of pure virtue unalloyed by a particle of selfishness. But for this weakness, if it be a weakness, Euripides had no mercy: even the demi-gods and heroes could not escape his scrutinizing search after frailty: his Hercules is a little of the bully, and more than a little of the glutton; his Menelaus, "as pretty a scoundrel as we could desire to meet." For the legends of the olden time, he had no mercy; he pragmatized with a vigour which might have excited the envy of Rudbeck, and driven Keightley insane; his Myth had lost all the graces it derived from the supernatural, and was an anecdote or a history of men like ourselves.

He wrote not for the educated, but the general public; and there appears to be some ground for the suspicion, that he was anxious to inculcate democratic principles, and that there was a political design in his exposure of the faults and follies of greatness. From this, it follows almost as a necessary consequence, that many of his soliloquies are more rhetorical than poetical, and that his style must frequently descend from its tragic dignity, to the neutral ground where tragedy and the higher comedy meet. The management of his plots is not always felicitous; and the introduction of a prologue, to detail the preliminary action, is sometimes tiresome. He adopted this custom, we believe, to gratify the great mass of the spectators, for even an Athenian mob, with all its refinement, had not always a stock of patience sufficient to wait for the slow development of the story. His choral odes have too much the character of independent lyrics: they possess more artificial and less natural beauty, than those of his predecessors. Like them, however, Euripides bears the impress of his own age; the age when battles had dwindled into skirmishes, when petty states contended instead of mighty nations, when the intrigues of faction were substituted for the display of statesmanship. He is the poet of real life, of the society in which he lived and moved; and to blame him for having neglected the ideal, is to blame him for having lived in a period of petty bustle, and incessant, though not very efficient activity.

We have sketched rather the school to which Euripides belonged, than the poet himself. We readily confess, that it is a school of which the faults are, and must be, as striking as the merits; but we deny that it should be excluded from the sections of Parnassus. Of that school, Euripides was the best, not only of his own day, but of all that have since appeared. Compare him not with Æschylus and Sophocles,—for the points of resemblance are few and indefinite,—but compare him with Racine or Corneille, and we confidently anticipate a verdict.

In one respect, he closely resembles our own Shakspeare; he is a faithful delineator of "a mind diseased," deeply skilled in the pathology of the soul; from the first movement of passion, to its reigning paramount in the breast, and thence to the period when it mounts to frenzy. His pictures of insanity, whether partial or total, have about them a reality which makes the blood run cold. Here, indeed, there could be no idealism—he describes the awful calamity best, who describes it in all its horrible minuteness.

From nature, he inherited a feeling and tender heart, alive to every generous affection; in many instances, circumstances "check'd his noble rage," but they could not "freeze the genial current of his soul"; that still rolled on in light and loveliness, and lent a magic and soft grace to every object mirrored on its gentle surface.

*Nights of the Round Table; or, Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends.* By the Author of 'The Diversions of Hollycot,' &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd; London: Simpkin & Marshall.

THE remembrance of the first series, induced us to open the second with the hope of instruction and pleasure, and we have not been disappointed. The stories are not so numerous, nor so varied as they were in the other, but they take a wider range, and have rather a deeper interest. Those who wish to know how a family should be brought up—doing their duty alike to God and man, will find great profit in the account of 'The Quaker Family'; nor is the tale of 'The two Scotch Williams,' to be passed over, as some of our old writers say, with a dry foot; it is told with great ease and simplicity, as the following passage sufficiently shows:—

"In one of the most sterile, moorland parishes, a region of heather and moss, in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, lived an honest, poor couple, who, among several children, had a son named William, a lively, intelligent, and active boy, whom his mother loved, and the neighbours liked. When William had been at school for about five years, though occasionally away at herding, at peats, or harvest work, his parents, having other children to educate, began to grudge the expenses of William's learning, for what with one branch and another, he cost them nearly two shillings a quarter. It was fortunate that the schoolmaster's conscience compelled him, about this time, to declare, that he could do no more for William. He was Dax of the school, read Horace well, and Homer tolerably, and his penmanship was a marvel in the Upper Ward, which, however, was not saying much. It would be a shame, and a sin, to consign such bright parts and high classical attainments to the plough-tail. William's parents were very willing to believe this; and as an opportunity offered to place him as an apprentice with a small surgeon apothecary, a friend of the schoolmaster's,

in the city of Glasgow, his whole kindred made a push to raise the supplies necessary to make 'Willie a doctor.' One aunt gave a pair of home-knit hose perhaps; and a grand-dame a coarse linen shirt or two, with a better one for Sundays; for every grand-dame and matron had, in those simple days, her household stores of linen. The old shoes clouted for common wear, a new pair in the chest, four days of the parish tailor, who, with his apprentice, worked in all the cottages and farm houses at sixpence a-day, completed the equipment of our hero: the tailor displaying some extra flourishes on the rude staple of William's blue coat, as his handwork might haply be seen in so magnificent a place as the Candleriggs of Glasgow. His entire equipment cost the family 11. 8s.; but it is not every day a son is launched into life, and they were determined to do it respectably. And now the rainy November morning was come when William, mounted behind his father, set out for the capital of the West, boys and girls shouting good wishes after him from the school-house green, and maids and matrons bestowing solemn blessings on 'blithe Willie' as he rode past.

"Behold him now established with the identical widow, who, twelve years before, had entertained the schoolmaster, when he attended the University, at a pension of four shillings per week; but Willie, as a boy, was received at a more reasonable rate. His board was two shillings and sixpence, of which his master was to pay one-half. His mother's share was to be paid in rural produce, for though neither butter nor meat were very plentiful in the Upper Ward, money was still more scarce. William's heart had never sunk, till next morning that his father, having first shared his porridge and butter-milk, returned thanks after his meal, in what appeared an earnest prayer for the preservation of his boy amid the snares and temptations of life, and for a blessing upon him."

There are many such passages: nor let our readers turn away lightly from these short and simple annals—they tell the true story of the life of an eminent man, Dr. William Cullen. We owe many thanks to the fair authoress, for her instructive book; and to Oliver & Boyd, for making it their business to encourage the production of works as elegant as they are beneficial.

*Heath's Book of Beauty.* By L.E.L. London: Longman & Co.

Or this work we had resolved to say no more. The publication came halting after the trade criticism at a distance that was truly ridiculous; but one passage in the preface is, *under circumstances*, a jewel worth picking out and holding up to admiration.

"There are few 'partial friends' now-a-days," says the amiable writer, "whose *previous praise or advice gives you a foretaste of the critical futurity that awaits you*: your manuscript goes from the desk to the press, and from the press to the public, to stand or fall by a judgment which casts no shadows before."

Now this is unjust; we have known this lady's works quoted three months, and reviewed three weeks before publication in the *Literary Gazette*: we must think therefore that the race of "partial friends" is not extinct; and it would be strange indeed if such persons could not give a foretaste of the critical future.

*Romance in Ireland; or, the Siege of Maynooth.* 2 vols. London: Ridgway.

THERE is no species of composition that requires greater extent and variety, both of information and of talent, than the historical novel; there is none which has been more frequently attempted by writers, whose knowledge and whose powers were utterly inadequate to the task. When the novel-reader becomes for the first time a novel-writer, he deems that his invention will be tasked only for the supply and combination of circumstances;—character, manners, and costume are, with him, secondary considerations; the plot and its development claim his chief regard—he asks himself, what is a novel but a fictitious history? and what is history but the narrative of events? From these premises, he infers, that if he can discover any interesting event in the pages of history, a great part of his labour will be saved, and all that remains for him to do, after the selection has been made, is to add from his own invention as many circumstances as will swell out the historian's sketch to a size that will fill the novelist's volumes.

But the reasoning of such an author is fundamentally wrong: the design of historical fiction ought not to be the illustration of any event, however important,—but the exhibition of the manners that characterize a particular period; the analysis of the feelings by which men were actuated; and the display of the probable motives, which, in a given age, exercised the greatest influence over action. Why do we value 'Old Mortality' and 'Ivanhoe'? not assuredly for the relation of the Cameronian wars in the one, or the contest between Richard and John in the other; but because we have an internal picture of man at periods of high excitement—a probable delineation of the effect produced by such periods on the modes of thought and the motives of action—and a wondrous illustration of the reciprocal effect of the mind on manners, and manners on the mind. Burley is a true character belonging to the Cameronian period; and the truth would not be weakened, if it was proved that no such person had ever existed. The propensities of men are naturally very similar in every age and country; but their modification by external circumstances, stamps individuality on character. The reality of Burley consists in his possessing certain propensities which experience teaches us belong to man, and in finding a direction given to these propensities, by the peculiarities of his situation. The test of a true character is its consistency: we should be shocked to find Burley displaying the reckless daring of the Templar, or the simple brutality of Front de Bœuf; yet he possesses many natural attributes in common with both, and had he lived in their day, and been placed in the same circumstances, it is possible that his enthusiasm would have been changed for infidelity, his sectarian ambition altered into battling for his class or order.

Another and more frequent error of historical novelists, is to suppose, that a romance may be composed for the purpose of illustrating some historical character. In this, they falsely suppose that they have the authority of Sir Walter Scott, and regard the Crusaders not so much an attempt to exhibit the manners of the crusading age, as an effort to

give us a fancy-portrait of the Lion-hearted Richard. But they are not aware, that Richard in the romance of 'The Crusaders,' is wholly unlike Richard in the History of the Crusades; few, indeed, are the traits they possess in common: the former is the embodied personification of the sublimity of chivalry; the latter was unprincipled, ungenerous, mean, grasping, and avaricious; far more like Front de Bœuf than the royal friend of Ivanhoe. But is this any objection to the truth of the character portrayed by Sir Walter Scott? No—Scott delineates a conceivable character acting under conceivable circumstances; and the effect is a truth, because there is nothing inconsistent in the portraiture. The value of Scott's characters is, that they are at once individuals, and representatives of classes; they interest us from the first cause, and instruct us from the second.

From the principles we have briefly laboured to illustrate, it follows that the writer of historical fictions must not base his story on a simple historical narrative; he must not imagine that he could write a novel illustrating Elizabeth's reign, by simply consulting the pages of Hume, or that he could manufacture a romance of the Lower Empire, from the suggestions of Gibbon. In neither case will he obtain the knowledge of the prevalent opinions, prejudices, and passions, characterizing the classes of society in the age and country where his story is laid, nor the means of individualizing the persons of his narrative so as to make them distinct. He may have "the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus," but he will fail to interest us in the bravery of either hero.

We have been led to these observations, by the perusal of 'Romance in Ireland'; it is manifestly, the work of a young author, and probably of a young man; it displays considerable but rather unregulated talents—no small power of conception, but some want of skill in delineation. It is unfortunately written in direct opposition to all the principles which we hold essential to historical fictions. The writer labours to illustrate an event, not a period, in Irish history; he has endeavoured to give the portraiture of real persons rather than of true characters; he has consulted the sweeping generalities of Leland, and left unsearched the minute particulars that lie scattered through the contemporary annals and state papers.

The purport of the work is to celebrate the insurrections of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald in the reign of Henry VIII.; by a very slight change, and that chiefly in the names of persons and places, the work would equally serve for any insurrection in any country. In the whole book there is not a single character that could be identified as of necessity belonging to the country or the age. Even the scenery is indefinite; the features of Glendalough, one of the most singular combinations of lake and mountain in the world, are presented to us with a confused indistinctness that utterly destroys their individuality. We make this statement with regret, because we believe the author to be capable of better things, and to have been misled by the hasty adoption of a false model, and by a mistaken view of the proper objects of historical romance.

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*A new Atlas of England and Wales. Part I. London: Duncan.*

This work is surely cheap enough: here are four large folio maps for fourshillings. The Atlas will consist of forty-three maps altogether, and be completed therefore in eleven numbers.

"The maps of each county are divided into hundreds; the parks and seats of the nobility are denoted; the distances of the towns from the metropolis, as well as from the principal towns in the county, shown; the rivers, canals, &c. described, &c.

"The great and important changes that have so recently taken place in the parliamentary representation of the kingdom are rendered obvious to the eye on these county maps, by the insertion of various distinguishing marks and references. In addition to this, the different polling places are marked, and the district divisions may be seen by referring to the hundreds: so that, in fact, each map carries with it the local alterations effected by Schedules A, B, C, &c. of the Reform Bill."

Thus much is announced in the Prospectus, and we can add, that the maps are clear and well-executed.

*Selections from the Old Testament; or, the Religion, Morality, and Poetry, of the Hebrew Scriptures, arranged under Heads. By Sarah Austin. London: Wilson.*

THERE can be no doubt of the excellent intentions of the compiler of this work; yet we are not at all prepared to say, that the work itself was either wanting or desirable. It has, however, been arranged with care, and an attentive perusal by young persons, cannot fail to be morally serviceable. The question with us, is, why not submit to them the Bible itself? Mrs. Austin, however, differs from us, and her opinion is entitled to great weight—nothing but a conviction of the utility of such a work could have induced her to undertake it; and we wish it success, acknowledging, that it may, perhaps, be beneficially made a class school-book for young children.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE.

BY MRS. FLETCHER.  
(Late Miss Jefferies.)

[To those who have not yet perused the above-named 'Narrative,' it may not be impertinent to mention, that it relates the Robinson-Crusoe adventures of a noble-minded husband and wife shipwrecked on a desert island, in 1733—their mode of living there—their discovery of ancient treasure, supposed to have been hidden by Buccaneers—their subsequent visit to England, and measures for colonizing the island—their plans, difficulties, and complete success, terminated only by the dispersal of the colony, through the machinations of the court of Spain. Whether the 'Narrative' be truth touched by fancy, or fancy working on truth, the result is equally captivating; and whether they belong to tale or history, the characters of Sir Edward Seaward and his lady equally excite interest and challenge admiration.]

Brave beauteous pair! if e'er indeed  
Your names were clothe in mortal weed;  
If ye are more than lovely gleams,  
Whose dwelling is the land of dreams:  
Bright phantoms from the far-off shore  
Of rich romance and fairy lore:  
A fable new, or history old,  
With quaintness framed, with sweetness told;  
I ask not, heed not; love more strong,  
Belief more firm, though said in song,  
Would scarcely fill my heart and eye,  
If I had seen ye live and die.

And, send the heart on pilgrimage  
Through many a land, to many a shrine  
Of saint and hero, chief and sage,  
Where shall it meet one more divine?

Whether, like nereid king and queen,  
It find ye in your island-cave,  
Or see ye, scarcely less serene,  
The storm-tried wanderers of the wave;  
Whether ye walk your shelly isle,  
A lovely, but a lonely pair,  
Your only pride each other's smile,  
And but each other's weal your care:  
Your Eden bliss, your Eden calm,  
Your toil, and rest, and peaceful sway,  
Blent with that hope-diffusing balm—  
How blessed were ye day by day,  
Within that bright and hidden bay!

And scarce less sweet to watch at last  
Your pure hearts amid riches vast,  
That strange, forgotten, antique store,  
That brings to mind Arabian lore.  
To see you, on your gorgeous prize,  
By men and times long vanished, moulded,  
Gaze, with the innocent surprise  
Of Eve, when first her flowers unfolded;  
With such sweet fear of evil lurking  
Amid your treasure's golden show,  
Which had Eve of the serpent's working,  
The world had not by her found woe.

Brave beauteous pair! yet nobler still,  
When with high thoughts and steady will  
We see ye not alone, but wearing  
Honours, and such grave office bearing,  
As only lofty spirits feel  
In their true burden, joy, or weal!  
Your lonely isle a peopled state  
Become, and ye its human fate;  
A little Zion on the waters,  
Of busy sons and smiling daughters;  
A peace-engirdled spot, that shows  
How deserts blossom like the rose;  
Till cold intrigue and state-born wile  
Forbade that it should longer smile,  
But as of old, become again  
A wilderness upon the main,  
Each vale untilled, untrod each plain!  
That isle is yet on Ocean's breast,  
But ye are in one grave at rest—  
An English grave: O knew I where  
Couches such dust of brave and fair!  
Perchance cathedralled marble holds,  
With angel forms, and massive folds  
Of drapery round the lettered urn,  
(Where sometimes more than truth we learn),  
Holds, and reveals in stately phrase,  
Relics too sacred far for praise.

Perchance removed from stall and quire,  
In some sweet nest of wood and rill,  
Where, over trees, a low, grey spire  
Looks on its hamlet green and still;  
Where the few simple peasants seen,  
Know little of what once hath been;—  
Perchance within that rustic mound  
A mouldering monument is found;  
Its gold grown dim, and all defaced,  
Scroll and device with which once graced:  
Yet when the slanting sun pours in  
At eve his broad and steady smile,  
There pondering heart and eye may win  
Memorials of the desert isle;  
And of the noble pair who made  
So long their dwelling in its shade,  
And thence by statesmen exiled home,  
Died, 'neath their own manorial dome!  
Idle my dream? I know it well;  
But dreams are ever for the shell.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

(NOT KEPT FOR THE ADMIRALTY.)

[A Lady's Log-book will interest the general reader, by its novelty, but to the many friends of the admired writer, this will have great personal interest.]

SPEAKING of the sea after twenty-four hours experience, I am inclined to speak of it with high delight; but my praise cannot be very discriminating, since the greater portion of the twenty-four hours has been spent at

anchor. Very smooth, pleasant voyaging this; no sickness, no rolling, no disagreeable of any kind; as the man when he lay at the foot of the hill he had to mount, said—"Oh that this were working!"—so I say, Oh, that this were sailing. However, such lazy motion is not likely to continue. To-morrow, to adopt the phraseology of Francis Moore, we may probably "expect sickness more or less," and couches may probably rob the dinner-table of passengers and appetites. However, come it may, as come it will, I am inclined to promise myself much positive pleasure from our long sojourn on the waters. There is a novelty in all the ship arrangements, a contrivance, that interests me no little, and that, to speak truth, have done more to rob departure from England of melancholy, than any considerations of a more exalted nature. William Howitt says in his Book of the Seasons—"Thanks be to God for mountains!" I am more than ever inclined to say, "Thanks be to God for trifles!" They are sources of pleasure, and may be made sources of benefit; often, by turning an annoyance into an amusement. Thus, our cabin, though one of the two best in the ship, for convenience, light, air, and size, has a rather ludicrous drawback: a good portion of some eighty dozen of poultry, ducks, geese, fowls, pigeons, &c. &c. have their local habitation in pens over our heads; and all day, and almost all night, they peck, crow, quack, gabble and quarrel according to their several natures. The sound of their beaks resembles a shower of hail; they are of necessity cramped for room, and, like children, are always crying out for food. They disturb one grievously, but then they amuse; and when, at daybreak, their cries are joined by the low of our three cows, the grunt of some of our twenty pigs, and the bleating of a few of our sixty sheep, I am transported to a farm-yard.

—I believe the true log of the day, would be simply, "All sick." However, there are degrees of sickness as of stature, and I only attained to pretty decided uneasiness. Lying down cured me; something too might be effected by the conversation of a character so original, and so native to seas and ships, that she deserves a place in one of Mr. Cooper's nautical novels. She is my voyaging attendant, and, having in a similar capacity made seventeen voyages to and from India, five of them in this vessel, may be said to have no home but the water. Monsieur Forbin was deeply offended by meeting a lady's maid with a pink parasol at the foot of one of the pyramids of Egypt—the real lady's maid, with or without the pink parasol, is far more inappropriate on shipboard. But my treasure of the deep belongs not to this species. Staid, straight, Scotch, and respectable, her heart and accent full of the Tweed, and her talk of all quarters of the world. Something of a merchant too,—trading at all the touching points, and, from a collection of red morocco Bibles to stores of ribbons and pins, having articles for barter from England to the poles. Add to this, a memory that is a perfect Newgate Calendar for Scotland, with such sea habits, that from the poop to the galley, she is at home, is never tired, never out of temper, and never without a history appropriate or inappropriate to the book, matter, or conversation in hand. I have called her Sea Kitty—and here at least she will never lose the name. On land she is like many

others—on the ocean she is like nothing but herself: in her eyes, the sea, like the king, can do no wrong, and next to the ocean, the captain:—her temporary master and mistress whilst faithfully served, and duly had in honour in all matters touching their world, the land, are somewhat regarded as children in whatever touches hers—the ocean: she is a nautical Leatherstocking.

—To-day we may be said really to have commenced our voyage. Our pilot is gone, and the last faint trace of the Devonshire coast is melted into the sky; I watched it gradually disappear, rock, headland and cultivated hill, so that I should recognize particular fields again by their shape—yet, contrary to all the declarations of poetry and fiction, the farewell look affected me singularly little. The truth is, that occasions for great emotion are rarely times of great emotion; we are the slaves of passing events and necessities; and even against my will, the beauty and novelty of the scene charmed away sadness. Last night, the wind was fair for our purpose, (blowing us out of the channel,) but it was rather rough, and the sea was splendid; the magnificent swelling of the waves, the dazzling foam of their curled heads running hither and thither—with the bright and quiet stars looking down from above—all awoke wonder, how one *could* be a pilgrim of the waters, and ever yield to poor, vain, foolish thoughts! And yet, alas! both with one's self, and others, folly and vanity come to sea!—to sea, where one seems to have breath and being immediately in the presence of Deity!

An event occurred just as dinner was served, and, to the utter discomfiture of curls, all the ladies hastened on deck to see a steamer from Portugal hailed. We had not been long enough from land to regard it with much sentiment; added to which, the vessel was such an ugly common thing, with such a crewwish looking crew, that I thought we did them too much honour by standing to have our curls blown out. Our captain wanted information of the two Dons, Pedro and Miguel; the master of the steamer cared for nothing but the bearing of the Scilly Islands. After a little mutual trumpeting, we separated; certainly the steamer bore away at a gallant rate, but looking as ugly as possible, the picture of a fat woman with her arms a-kimbo, or of three single boats rolled into one. I dislike steam-boats: there is nothing calm in their speed, or dignified in their motion; on they go, splashing and dashing, the bullies of the water, or, when their smoke is visible—Beelzebub's frigates.

—We are in the Bay—and, if it is generally what it has been to us, in the much calumniated Bay of Biscay. The sea is quiet, and the wind so fair, that its continuance would blow us to Madeira in a week. It seems magical: in five days we have traversed the space that this very ship and captain have been, beforetime, three weeks in accomplishing. Whilst our present propitious circumstances hold, except the want of newspapers, and a hall-door to walk out at, we have no need of land. I have just cut a pine; we have fresh fruit, bread, and vegetables every day. Wonderful is the ingenuity of man! More wonderful still the protecting kindness of Providence! Here are we floating in ease and security over this fathomless, and, to the eye, illimitable element. On deck,

our band is playing all kinds of home tunes, and there comes a strange blending of the dashing of waves, the boatswain's whistle, and 'I'd be a Butterfly,' waltzes, and quadrilles—sounds of English towns and streets. With regard to the said band, music is music at sea, and it behoves one not to be finical, otherwise discontented recollections might arise of orchestras one has heard in days of yore. However, any music is at times valuable, because its mere noise brightens the spirits, sets people talking, and by the time we reach Bombay, our musicians may have learned to play in time. The orders transmitted to them (in nautical phrase) are amusing—they are playing an ugly tune, or a pretty one badly—"Bid those fellows take a reef in"—or they suddenly stop—"Ask those fellows why they have hove to," says the captain to the steward, a person grave as Sancho's in the island of Barrataria. These poor fellows (the musicians) occupy an anomalous position on board. They are to play morning, noon, and night, should we require them to do so; they play us to dress, and to meals; they play to keep the men in step when the anchor is weighed, and yet upon occasion they have to haul ath the ropes and go aloft,—as Wordsworth says,

Something between a hindrance and a help.

If one of them fell into the sea, we should note them by their instruments, (fell overboard, the key bugle, &c.) for they seem musical abstractions.

[To be continued.]

#### CHATEL'S NEW CATHOLICISM.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1832.

THE Revolution of July flung the French clergy into such excessive ill-humour with their flocks,—above all, with the Parisian population,—that the ecclesiastics showed their sulkiness in every possible way. They made mighty difficulties in christening or in burying; demanded *billets de confession* as a preliminary to marriage; and created a world of scandal by shutting their church doors against divers devout corpses. Some of the clergy thought fit to be less rigid, and were well received and rewarded for the same at Louis Philippe's court. Amongst others, the Abbé Chatel thought the liberal side of religious opinion the best to follow. He opened a chapel, said mass in French, threw off the authority of the Pope, and vowed, at the same time, that he was Catholic; and gave himself liberty to marry himself and others, *comme bon lui semblera*.

An accident gave to the Abbé Chatel's church great accession of importance. Clichy-la-Garenne, near Paris, is a good-sized town and parish. The curate thereof was a hot-headed Carlist, legitimist, and ultra-Montan. He would have no tricolor flag upon his church; he denounced the National Guard as a heathen and Jacobin institution; and withstood all injunctions to sing the *Domine, salve fac Philippum regem*. He chid his congregation from the altar, and literally told them one Sunday, that "they might all go and be —."

The French are, in general, much of the mind of Pope's Sir Balaam, viz., are too busy to go to church themselves, but send their wives instead. The wives complained of having been disposed of so summarily by the dispenser of divine judgments; and the husbands took revenge by the still more summary proceeding of beating the curate out of the parish. They then, like God-fearing men, asked the Archbishop of Paris to send them another. The prelate refused to institute any other than the old—the Clichyites would have none of him—

and thus for five months the church of Clichy suffered a syncope. Wearied at length with the Archbishop's obstinacy, the parishioners betook themselves to the Abbé Chatel, who sent them one of his *élèves* for Curé. The mayor resisted his instalment in the church; but the municipal council out-voted the mayor—took possession of the church; and the entire population of Clichy declared themselves of the religion and followers of the Abbé Chatel. The Curé styled himself such by the grace of God, and the election of the people.

The natural accidents of all human affairs ensued in these proceedings,—viz., all parties committed blunders and absurdities. First, the Pope of Rome issued a Bull of excommunication against the Abbé Chatel—the most effectual puff in Europe,—I recommend it to Burlington Street,—and the Abbé's church overflowed in consequence. Upon this the Abbé set up for a bishop, and put on a *violet rochet*—tantamount to our lawn sleeves. This was unfortunate, for the Abbé d'Auzon, curé of Clichy, scorned to take an inferior rank, and, relying on the dignity of an elect of the people, disclaimed the new bishop's supremacy. A schism was the consequence. D'Auzon kept Clichy, as well as the church upon the Boulevard; whilst Chatel retired to a very spacious barn in the Faubourg St. Martin, which he calls his *Eglise Primatiale*.

Hither curiosity led me, as well as hundreds,—nay, thousands, for it was full to suffocation. The form of worship was that of the Mass in French; and the music certainly excellent, but rather operatic. The Host had been but just elevated, when the band played the quadrilles of 'Robert le Diable.' This was somewhat inappropriate; but, as every one seemed contented and delighted except myself, I repressed my salutary inclinations, and looked as devout as possible.

The Abbé's sermon was, however, the principal attraction; and as it had been announced as declaratory of his principles, I waited for it with impatience. Chatel is a stout, young, dark-haired man, florid and healthy, without any of that *maladive* air—the general concomitant of enthusiasm. There was nothing Irvingish about him: all seemed rational and calculated. He has a most powerful voice,—of very great effect with the French, who are easily fascinated with sound.

The sermon was a very rational one. He undertook to prove, that a belief in Christianity was not in the least incompatible with philosophy, even with Voltairianism. Miracles, creeds, dogmas, were all idle; and everything that was incomprehensible was nonsense. Protestants and Papists were alike a set of fanatics; since common sense could tolerate no more than a form of worship symbolical of nothing at all. He exposed, with considerable felicity, the late tricks and miracles of the Jesuit party; he ridiculed the *Croix de Mignet*,—that attested miracle of the year 1826; and spoke of the Bible itself, if received literally, with disrespect. The end of the sermon was reserved for the purpose of showing how favourable the new system was to the development of liberty. Churchmen, he said, for the future, should never meddle with temporal affairs; but by leaving laïcs perfectly free to follow the impulse of *progrès* and the tide of the *mouvement*, establish a creed and a church which would be in alliance with the people, as Catholicism had ever been in league with absolute power. On this argument he much insisted. "You think to conquer Papism, because you despise it," said he: "you think, by remaining isolated and unbelieving, to combat a body that remains united and endowed with faith. Your hope is vain: it will outlive you—it will conquer you, unless, like it, you also unite, form a congrega-

tion against it, and an antagonist creed, that may defy the traditions of Popery."

Such was the doctrine I heard expounded to an admiring audience; and it disgusted me. I understand *scepticism*, and I understand *belief*; but a *juste milieu* betwixt things that suffer no medium, is contemptible. It struck me, that the only foundation of the Abbé Chatet's religion was *clap-trap*, and as such I made it my bow.

The amusing part of it, is the retention of the epithet Catholic—the flag of Protestantism would have attracted no followers. The uneducated classes are, even in their unbelief, prejudiced by the old abhorrence in which the Huguenots were held. Novelty and contrast, too, are everything in religion, as in fashion. Now, a new Protestant doctrine would be hackneyed, since reform has exhausted its categories. New Catholicism appears feasible; and yet a more atrocious absurdity never came from the spirit of sectarianism. R.

#### IMPROVEMENT OF ROADS.

IN Mr. Babbage's excellent work on 'The Economy of Machinery and Manufactures,' reference is made to a report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the amount of tolls proper to be placed on steam carriages; and from which report an extract is given, wherein is mentioned a very ingeniously constructed instrument, invented for the purpose of correctly ascertaining the comparative amount of resistance offered by the surfaces of roads of different construction, to the passing over of coaches and other vehicles. The perusal of that work, and of the report referred to, has led us to inquire more minutely into the subject, and to examine the instrument itself with some degree of attention, as affording the means of acquiring, by actual experiment, the precise amount of power required to perform a given amount of work on different roads.

Mr. Telford, engineer to the Parliamentary Commissioners for improving the mail-coach road from London to Holyhead, states in one of his reports, that the machine was invented by the assistant engineer, Mr. John Macneill, and that a series of experiments had been gone into between London and Shrewsbury, the general results of which were, that the power required to draw the carriage in which the instrument was placed, was equal to the following comparative resistances: on well made pavements, 33 lbs; on a broken stone road, upon a rough pavement foundation, 46 lbs; on a broken stone surface upon a bottoming of concrete formed of Parker's cement and gravel, 46 lbs; on a broken stone surface on old flint road, 65 lbs; and on a gravel road, 117 lbs. He also says, that these accurate trials leave it no longer a matter of conjecture in what manner a road should be made, to accomplish, most effectually, the diminution of the draught labour of horses; in which view he considers Mr. Macneill's invention, for practical purposes, on a large scale, to be one of the most valuable that has been lately given to the public, an opinion with which we fully concur.

From other experiments made by Mr. Macneill with his machine, it appears that he has ascertained that the draught of a stage-coach on a common turnpike road, or, in other words, the force required to impel the coach, increases in a less ratio than the velocity increases, and not in a ratio equal to the square of the velocity, which some writers on the subject had assumed; whence it would seem that the velocity of a steam-carriage on a railroad, and that of a stage-coach or a steam-carriage on a good turnpike road, are governed by similar laws of motion; and that whatever advantages may be gained by a quick transfer of passengers by means of a

steam-coach on the former, may probably be attained by the same means on a well made turnpike road.

We deem it unnecessary to give a detailed description of the machine, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to saying that a spring dynamometer is used; but that, as the index would vibrate very rapidly, not only with every actual increase of force, but also with almost every succession of impulses occasioned by the mere natural action of the horse, Mr. Macneill has very ingeniously contrived to do away with the effect of these latter, by applying a piston, working in a cylinder filled with oil, and connected with the dynamometer in such a manner that, when any power or force is applied to it, so as to carry round the index, the piston is at the same time moved through the fluid; while, from the peculiar construction of the cylinder, the vibrations are regulated throughout the progression of numbers on the dial, or from the lowest to the highest power; which compensation is analogous to that by which the fusee regulates and gives uniform power to the main spring of a watch.

By the use of this machine the actual state of roads, contracted to be kept in repair, may be at all times ascertained, so that trustees of turnpikes will have, by its employment, no difficulty in practically determining that which is now a constant subject of diversity of opinion and dispute—the positive extent of deterioration by wear or otherwise; and it gives to the Postmaster General a means of ascertaining upon what lines of road a reduction in the cost of conveyance may be easily made, consequent on there being no necessity for the employment of so much animal power as would be required upon other lines of similar extent. Thus leading to a more general and complete improvement of our roads, and to a reduction in expenditure.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The Ettrick Shepherd, we hear, is busied on a *Life of Burns*, the poet. A Glasgow bookseller, with some hundred and odd pounds in his hand, made an inroad into the vale of Yarrow, and persuaded Hogg to undertake the task of delineating anew the man and the poet. We know not what new matter the Bard of Ettrick has obtained to aid him in a *Memoir of the Bard of Ayr*—but we know, that many letters, hitherto unseen and unpublished, still exist; and it is but lately that we saw poems by Burns of considerable length, which have not yet been printed. We wish Hogg much success in his undertaking.

We have taken a ten minutes dip into the pages of the last number of the *North American Review*. It contains but eight articles in all: the first is on Washington Irving's 'Alhambra'—a fair and equitable critique—the second relates to language and dialects: the third, to Wheaton's 'History of the Northmen,' and is replete with research and old bardic lore: the fourth touches on American forest trees, and rebukes Mrs. Trollope in these fair and candid words:—

"The fact is that these must be the monuments of our country. Mrs. Trollope, disappointed at not meeting with Parisian manners in our western steam-boats, looked out for baronial castles upon the Alleghany mountains, and was indignant to find that no such vestiges of civilization appeared. Doubtless we should rejoice to have them; but since the privilege is denied us, we do as well as we can without them. But this defect, great and serious as we confess it is, cannot reasonably be charged upon popular in-

stitutions; and the pious thankfulness which she expresses at being delivered from republicanism, is like that of a soldier in our late war, who, when shot through his high military cap, remarked, that he was devoutly grateful that he had not a low-crowned hat on, as in that case the ball would have gone directly through his head. These things are evidently chargeable to circumstances over which we have no control. And yet, had we such ornaments on every height, we fear that too many who regard comfort more than taste, would remark, like her countryman at Rome, that 'the ruins were much in need of repair.' But we must endeavour to prepare ourselves against the coming of all future Trollopes, by providing such monuments as our forlorn condition admits,—not such as the elements of nature waste, but such as they strengthen and restore. Almost all other monuments leave us in doubt whether to regard them as memorials of glory, or of shame. The Chinese wall is a monument of the cowardice and weakness of those who raised it; they built walls, because they wanted hearts to defend their country. The Pyramids of Egypt are monuments certainly of the ignorance, and most probably of the superstition of their builders: the cathedrals are monuments of a corrupt religion, and the same baronial castles, the want of which we never deplored till now, are monuments of a state of society in which everything was barbarous, and are witnesses by their still existing, that the art of war, the only science thought worth regarding, was but wretchedly understood. To us it seems that Chaucer's oak and Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, the oak of Alfred at Oxford, and the one in Torwood forest, under which Wallace first gathered his followers in arms, are as worthy and enduring memorials of great names and deeds, as any that can be hewn from the rock and built by the hands of men. The tower, as soon as it is completed, begins to decay; the tree, from the moment when it is planted, grows firmer and stronger for many an age to come."

The article which we like least, is that on Sir James Mackintosh: not that it is wanting in merit and information, but we think it overrates that gentleman's talents. He was eloquent and well-informed, but diffuse beyond all endurance, and had no more notion of keeping the subject to which he addressed himself in view when he spoke in the House of Commons, than he had of the 'History of England,' when he printed under that name a series of splendid disquisitions. We are afraid the *North American Review* is erring like others nearer home: some of the articles are much too long: we miss those livelier, keener, and shorter papers which distinguished the *Edinburgh* in its early days.

We have seen the model of the New National Gallery; and, considering the very limited funds at the disposal of the architect, it has a much more imposing effect than we had ventured to hope for. The centre of the building has some general resemblance to the fine front of the University of London, designed by the same architect; it has a noble portico, with a dome rising behind it. The portico is to be the old one from Carlton Palace, with eight columns in front instead of six, and a projection of little less than thirty feet. The dome rises immediately from the front of the building, so that it assumes an importance which it could hardly have derived from its mere magnitude; there are small turrets on each side, but it is not yet decided whether they shall be retained.



## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## DUBLIN GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting on Thursday, the 22nd, a very interesting paper was read by Captain Portlock, Royal Engin., 'On the Basalt of the North coast of Ireland.' The geology of Ireland has, hitherto, been imperfectly studied, and there is every reason to hope that much that is valuable is soon to be discovered in this untrodden field. We hear that it is in contemplation by the Society to establish a lectureship on the subject.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.	{ Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M. Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY.	{ Linnean Society ..... Eight, P.M. Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Geological Society ..... P. 8, P.M. Royal Society of Literature ..... Three P.M. Society of Arts ..... P. 7, P.M.
THURSDAY.	{ Royal Society ..... P. 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M. Zoological Society ..... Three P.M.
SATURDAY.	Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

## FINE ARTS

Turner's Annual Tour for 1833. Moon, Boys & Graves.

THIS is the true Book of Beauty; all others are spurious. We have sometimes seen individual landscapes of great loveliness from the hand of Turner, but we never saw at once so many truly excellent. Here are one-and-twenty scenes happily delineated and happily engraved; there is not one common-place composition among them. Those who engrave for this painter seem to go with heart and hand to the task; the admiration which they bear for him makes the labour light; they cannot but be under the influence of something akin to inspiration, when they look at his truly poetic works. Beautiful as all these landscapes are, there are some which excel all others; we shall name our favourites—1. 'Nantes,' whenever Turner touches on water he is unrivalled. 2. 'Clairmont,' water again, with a small tower perched on a lofty rock overlooking it. 3. 'Amboise,' with the sun shining from behind the castle, and dropping his rays on the boats lying quiet on the stream. 4. 'Scene on the Loire,' full of tranquil beauty. 5. 'St. Julian's,' a night view of a splendid abbey, with a coach and lights, and the bustle of inside and outside passengers. 6. 'Beaugency,' a fine city and a broad river, with bridge and shipping. 7. 'Coteaux de Mauges,' a steep hill and a deep stream. 8. 'Amboise,' a strong castle, a lofty bridge, and a noble river—forming the finest scene we ever beheld; the view beneath and beyond the arch of the bridge may be compared with any work of modern times. There are some nearly as good as the best of these, for which we must refer to the work itself. We have seen nothing like these illustrations of Turner's Tour hitherto.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of Byron's Works. Murray.

THIS new number (the eighth) will maintain, if it fails to extend the reputation of this very successful work. Of the six views, we like Cape Leucadia the best, from the pencil of Copley Fielding; but the Castle of Ferrara, the view of Venice, the Cork Convent, and Petrarch's Tomb, are likewise worthy of our approbation, and the more so that they are real and accurate representations of places mentioned in the works of the great poet. The portrait of Ianthé is from the pencil of Westall, who can be delicate and poetical when he sets his mind to it.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

SATURDAY last, November the 24th, first time, a new drama, entitled, *St. Patrick's Eve, or, "the Order of the Day."* This piece is the, or rather a production of Mr. Power, the actor. It is, generally speaking, pleasantly written; may be pronounced to be lively and agreeable, and was received with satisfaction and considerable applause. Nevertheless, it offers more of judicious selection than of actual novelty, and has some faults, which we should not have expected an old stager to fall into. It is not necessary to detail the plot, but a glance at it will serve to show that we are right in saying that there is not much novelty about it. The chief interest turns upon the difficulty of saving the life of an otherwise meritorious officer, who has transgressed an "order of the day," and who is therefore tried and condemned to be shot. 'Frederick the Great,' or, the Heart of a Soldier, 'Henry Quatre,' and two or three other pieces of which we cannot at this moment remember the names, have made such incidents familiar to us. In the present case, Mr. Power, finding himself at the head of his own table, has evinced a little greediness in reserving the best slice for himself; and in so doing he has injured the piece, by taking the interest from the young lover, and endeavouring to fix it on himself. This is an error in judgment. The serious interest of a piece cannot be made to centre in the principal comic character. There are some sentences of a broad nature, which had better be omitted; and the introduction of the chaplain in the second act, is in particularly bad taste. It is better, in all cases, to avoid the bringing a clergyman upon the stage, but here he is not only brought on, but actually made to preach a sort of condemned sermon in the height of a broadly comic situation. He imagines himself addressing the prisoner—whereas, in fact, the said prisoner has escaped, and he is talking to a young lady who has taken his place, and who is on her knees, concealed beneath a large military cloak and cocked hat. The audience were in great good humour with the other parts, or the drama would have ended here. We should also mention, that the arrival into the room of a cottage, where *Frederick the Second* is at chess with one of his betrayers, of a whole party of Austrian poudours, without discovery or alarm, is too much even for stage probability. All these things might have been easily avoided, without detriment to the drama, and we should hope that by this time some of them at least are. Here end our objections—and now to the more agreeable part of our duty. We have before spoken well of the piece, generally, and have now the pleasure to report that the acting was excellent. Mr. Power took great pains, and gave his own language with all the point which he had put into it. His part was too long, particularly in the first scene, but this, his good sense will doubtless have by this time suggested to him. Mr. Stanley endangered the safety of the whole fabric by tying up the left arm instead of the right, after a wound which he is supposed to receive in his pen-arm, so as to be disabled from writing. Mr. Power was necessarily much disconcerted by this blunder, but he covered it up as well as he could, and the audience generally would not perhaps have been aware of it, if Mr. Stanley had not increased the absurdity by coming on in his next scene with the left arm well, and the right tied up. We almost feel as if our own pen-arm was disabled when we would endeavour to do justice to the extraordinary and almost unrivalled personation of Frederick the Second, by Mr. Farren. He has long since established himself with the town as the most finished artist of the English stage: for ourselves, we have

never dreamed of placing him second to any one upon any stage, except to M. Potier; but, after witnessing his Frederick the Second, we must confess, that our national pride is gratified, and our foreign faith shaken. We can pay Mr. Farren no greater compliment than to say, that we should be delighted to sit next M. Potier, whose liberality towards his brethren in art is equal to his splendid talent, while he witnessed this exquisite and finished performance. It has been said, that it is Mr. Farren's intention to relinquish the part after a few nights. If so, we trust he will relinquish his intention. It is a treat not to be missed by genuine lovers of the drama.

Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready acted together on Monday for the first time, in *Othello* and *Iago*. The house was very well attended at first price, although not by any means to such an extent as to have rendered it necessary for the management to issue such minute directions as to the placing of horses' heads and tails. All this quackery is as useless as it is offensive—nobody is caught by it; and moreover, we can tell the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, that it is beaten on its own favourite ground, by the puffing in the bills of an ingenious rival; viz. the Theatre "Loyal" Camera Street, Chelsea Common. However humiliating, such is the fact; and we shall probably take an opportunity of justifying our words next week, by extracts from the puffs of the two houses. But to the matter in hand. Mr. Kean's *Othello* is well known—and it is agreed on all hands, that, with the exception of a weakness in his limbs, all was on Monday as well with him as ever. It is decidedly his best character, and he so played, both on Monday and again on Thursday last, as to "moult no feather" of the high reputation he has earned in it. Mr. Macready's *Iago* is a performance of a very superior order, and by it, he has not only gained many new admirers, but more firmly fixed his old ones. Mrs. Faucit's *Emilia* is as good as anybody's *Emilia* can be; and Mr. Cooper's *Cassio*, is "proximus sed longo intervallo" to Mr. Charles Kemble's. Strict attention, frequent applause, and general gratification, seemed to be the order of the night; and if Mr. Kean should keep his health, which we hope he will, the house will find its account in this union of the two best tragedians we have left. The half-price was very great; and then the theatre, which was filled in all but the upper parts before, presented a very brilliant and gratifying appearance.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MR. BERNARD, the author of several clever and agreeable pieces, produced another of the same class here on Wednesday evening, called 'The Conquering Game.' In it we are introduced to Charles the Twelfth at the age of twenty-one. The young conqueror and professed woman-hater is made to become captive to the charms of a young lady, (excellently acted by Madame Vestris,) who happens to have

Another lover,  
Whom she very much prefers.

The monarch has been in the habit of visiting her under an assumed name, but she is informed of his real title by her lover, who is his secretary; and she proceeds to punish him for his general want of gallantry to the sex, by exerting the power she has over him, and making him consent to be placed in several ridiculous situations. In the last of these, when she has dressed him in her grandmother's habiliments, he is surprised and discovered. He admits that he looks like a fool, and purchases secrecy at the expense of sacrificing his own wishes, and making the lovers happy. Madame Vestris, as the heroine, played with her usual talent and archness, and sang her one song so as to render herself liable to an instant encore. Mr. Webster dressed the part of Charles extremely well, and looked it well when his face was

in repose—but there is occasionally, indeed frequently, a contortion of muscle about his countenance which seems almost involuntary, but which interfered much with the youthful appearance required. Mr. Webster's performance, however, seemed to give satisfaction to the audience, and he was much applauded. It would be invidious to draw a comparison between his Charles the Twelfth and Mr. Farren's—who is there that could beat it? The manner in which this little piece was dressed and "got up," as the phrase is, reflects the highest credit upon the establishment, and of course upon Madame Vestris as the head of it. It is not enough to say, that it would not have been a disgrace to Covent Garden or Drury Lane. It would have done honour to either. The scene at the Chateau of the Baroness is nearly, if not quite, the most elegant and tasty room-scene we ever saw upon any stage.

#### THE DRURY-LANE BILLS.

The puff about the *Othello* and *Iago* of Messrs. Kean and Macready, which has furnished us with matter for comment for the last two Saturdays, has undergone another alteration. Though it now appears that they cannot work it into good English, we ought at least to give them credit for perseverance in trying. The parts of it previously held up to ridicule, have been removed at two gigantic efforts, but in their anxiety to get up on one side of their horse, they have overreached themselves and fallen into the mud on the other. We are now informed that the gentlemen in question "attracted one of the most crowded Houses ever in the Theatre." Now a crowd of people in a theatre is disagreeable enough, but if the management intends to admit "Houses," we must decline attending. It is decidedly dangerous.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Trinity College, Dublin.*—Dr. Longfield, the new Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, will commence his lectures (we understand) in Easter term. The examination for the Professorship took place last Midsummer, and was conducted by Doctor Lloyd, Provost of Trinity, and Doctor Phipps, Registrar. We have seen the questions proposed to the candidates, who were nine in number, and shall give some specimens of them. Definitions of Rent, Wages, Profit, Value, &c.—Sources of Rent, Wages, and Profit.—Qualities essential to a thing's possessing Value.—What determines the Quantity of money necessary for the circulation of a country?—Use of Credit?—Define Money, and its Uses.—Effects of War and Slavery with respect to Political Economy.—State the distinction, and the reasons for and against adopting it, between Productive and Unproductive Labourers.—Causes of the vast difference in the Price of Labour in different countries.—Suppose, in a given district, a great fall of snow to block up the roads, or, again, a vein of coal to be discovered, between these two events (considered in reference to Political Economy), what is the resemblance, and what is the difference in respect to their Effects on the Labouring Classes?—Have the improvements in Machinery, and the application of Steam Power, promoted the Prosperity of Great Britain or Ireland, or the contrary? and give your reasons.—If (as is supposed) Gold Mines exist in these countries, do you advise the pursuit of Mining for Gold, or the contrary? and state your reasons.—Are very small farms to Labourers, gratis, or nearly so, advantageous?—To what do you attribute the very great distress of late, among the working Tradesmen of England? and how do you propose to remedy it?—Give a Syllabus of the Lectures which you would deliver if appointed to this Professorship.—(The answers to these questions

were sent in under fictitious signatures.)—Another correspondent writes on the 24th: "The commencements for the Degrees, under the Reform Act, takes place to-day, and there is a prodigious bustle. Those that have not met for half a century, are recognizing one another, and wondering how it is that each looks so old. I suppose upwards of 1000 degrees will be conferred. The contrivances for hoods, and bands, and gowns, to-day, display super-human ingenuity, and demonstrate, signally, the superiority of man to the brute creation. Conceive a Master of Arts habited thus: hat and black cravat; bands formed of the tail of a shirt, by the process of tearing; a hood constructed from some old piece of black stuff, with a silk handkerchief pinned on the same, and a torn gib's gown, and imagine this academical personage in grave and serious conversation with the martinet Bishop of Ferns!"

*Sculpture.*—There are two subjects by Mr. Drake, a fellow-countryman of ours, in the Berlin exhibition; of one of which, a group in gypsum of A Warrior dying, whilst Victory is announcing his triumph to him, we are happy to find the cognoscenti speak highly, for its admirable grace and the beauty of the execution.

*The Chiragon, or Guide for the Hand.*—Mr. William Stidolph, a schoolmaster at Blackheath, has invented an apparatus, to which the name of Chiragon is given; by the assistance of which, a person who has become blind after having learned the art of writing, may continue its practice without the risk of confounding words or lines together. It consists of a frame, with a raised margin, upon which margin is placed a narrow piece of wood, having a groove to receive a corresponding key that is attached to a collar or bracelet for the wrist. In the sides of the frame, series of notches are cut, into which the grooved piece of wood is placed, successively, so as to form the regular intervals between the lines, whilst the hand is permitted by the collar to pass freely from left to right, but is confined to certain limits in its action up and down, or in the direction of the length of the paper used. The writing is effected with Mordan's patent pencils; and we have proved the efficiency of the invention, by writing a letter, with its guidance, while our eyes were bandaged so as to exclude the sight of every object.

*Steam Voyage from Naples to Greece and Turkey.*—The particulars of a proposed steam voyage from Naples to Greece and Turkey, have been sent to us, and will no doubt interest many of our readers. It is proposed to start in April, should a sufficient number of persons subscribe their names with the agents before the 31st of January. The following is a list of the ports where the ship will anchor:—Naples, Messina, Corfu, Patras, Zante, Navarino, Modone, Cerigo (or some port in the Morea), Napoli di Romania, Specia, Hydra, Poros, Egina, Corinth, Porto Leone or Piræus, Capo Colonna, Zee, Eubœa, or Negroponte, Lemnos, Marmora, and Constantinople;—here one day will be employed in visiting the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, and then the return will be to Koumkalé, Tenedos, Mitylene, Smyrna, Scio, Naxos, Paros and Antiparos, Delos, Melos, Zante, Messina, and Naples, or Leghorn, as may be determined on. The time occupied in the voyage will be about three months; but some days may perhaps be added to those calculated on, for visiting the more remarkable objects of interest and curiosity on shore, which however will be without additional cost to the passengers. The rate of charge, varying of course according to berth, is from 60 to 85 guineas, provisions included so long as the ship is at sea; and the arrangements seem to us made with reference to general convenience, and to be reasonable and just. Names, we observe, may be registered at Hammersley's.

*Method of making a Newspaper popular.*—Mr. Russell, the first editor of the *Columbian Sentinel*, finding his paper neglected, applied to Mr. Barrell, an eminent merchant, for advice, who recommended him to satirize some public character very severely. In the next number of the paper appeared a cutting libel on Mr. Barrell himself; he went in a rage to remonstrate with Russell, who coolly replied, "You see I have taken your advice, and, as you were a friend, I knew that I could venture to make more free with you than a stranger."—*U. S. Paper.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & M.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 22	52 38	29.40	S. E. to N. E.	Clear.
Fr. 23	53 38	29.60	S. E.	Iditto.
Sat. 24	56 46	29.65	S. E.	Cloudy.
Sun. 25	53 42	Stat.	W.	Rain, A.M.
Mon. 26	52 34	29.35	S. W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 27	48 34	29.40	S.	Iditto.
Wed. 28	51 33	29.30	S. W.	Iditto.

*Clouds.*—Cirrostratus and Cumulostratus.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair. Much rain late on Wednesday.

Mean temperature of the week, 45°; greatest variation, 20°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 8h. 22m.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Essays on Vegetable Physiology*, practically applied, and illustrated by numerous engravings, by James Main, A.L.S.

A third volume of Capt. Brown's Book of Butterflies, Moths, and Spiders, with 48 coloured engravings, and directions for catching and preserving specimens.

*Sketches in Greece and Constantinople.*  
A General View of the Geology of Scripture; illustrated by Plates, by George Fairholme, Esq.

A Digest of the Evidence before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, on the Bank of England Charter.

*Hortus Wolburnensis, or the Gardens and Grounds of Wolburn Abbey.*

Wacoata; or, the Prophecy, a Tale of the Canadas, by the author of 'Ecarte.'

On the 1st of January 1833, (to be continued Monthly,) with Wood Engravings. The Zoological Magazine, or Journal of Natural History.

Letters of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to the Rev. Rd. Polwhele, Davies Gilbert, Esq., Francis Douce, Esq., and others. Accompanied by an original Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., K.C.B.

An Account of the Bristol Riots, their Causes and Consequences, by a Citizen.

Mr. Upham's edition of the Translations of some Highly Venerated and Authentic Original Singhalese and Pali MSS. procured in Ceylon, by Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P.R.A.S., will be published in January.

The Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, in Greek, with English Notes and Lexicon, by the Rev. E. J. Gough.

Dr. Park has nearly completed a New Exposition of the Apocalypse.

Sermons by the Rev. E. J. Evans.

A View of the Early Parian Greek Press, including the Lives of the Stephani or Estiennes, &c. by the Rev. W. Parr Gresswell.

A Collection of the most approved Examples of Doors, from Ancient and Modern Buildings in Greece and Italy, by Thomas Leverton Donaldson, Architect.

*Just published.*—Paris, or the Book of the Hundred-and-One, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s. 6d.—Tales and Conversations, by Emily Cooper, 3s.—Lanzi's History of Painting, 6 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Austrie's Greek Choric Poetry, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 77, 3s. 6d.—Peter Parley's Tales, 280 Cuts, 12mo. 5s.—Anatomy of the Horse, 11. 12s. 6d.—Draper's Life of Penn, royal 32mo. 3s. 6d.—Pickering's Statutes, 8vo. 2 & 3 Wil. 4, 11. 4s. 6d.—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. 36, 4s. 6d.—Valpy's Shakespeare, Vol. 2, 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. 27, 6s.—Brodie on the Urinary Organs, 8vo. 8s.—Alderson on Cholera at Hull, 8vo. 5s.—Edgeworth's Novels, Vol. 8, 5s.—Arrowsmith's Grammar of Modern Geography, 12mo. 6s.—Arrowsmith's Modern Atlas, 8vo. 7s.—Moral Life, 8vo. 15s.—The Buccaneer, 3 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.—Album Wreath, for 1833, 4to. 11. 4s.—Four Lectures on the Study and Practice of Medicine, 5s.—Poems by the Author of Corn Law Rhymes, 5s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to A. V.—D. N. S.—E. A.

Thanks are an acknowledgment that the contribution has been received. If accepted, it appears as early as convenient.

The work referred to by H. R. C. was noticed in September.

Could our Greenwich correspondent suppose that we should insert the paragraph without his name?—We should not, had he sent it.

G\* declined.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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## TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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Political History—State of Commerce and Manufactures—New Publications—the Fine Arts—the Drama—Music—Births, Marriages, and Deaths—23. Tory Peace meetings.

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## NOTICES OF No. VIII.—For November, 1852.

The November number of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, is not only superior to any of the preceding ones, but is the best of all its contemporaries for the present month. 'Scottish Verse' is admirable, and ought to be read in every electoral village in England as well as Scotland; for precisely the same influence and the same intemperance, attended with similar results, are in operation throughout this country.—*Bristol Gazette*.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and when this tide had reached flood-mark, Tait launched his vessel; and the success with which her voyage has been attended, proves the met with which the period for her setting out was chosen.—*Glasgow Trades' Advocate*.

We give this number the preference—first, from its variety; secondly, from the honest hearty tone of its feelings. It is calculatedly the People's Magazine, and labours in the good cause with all the zeal of truth and conviction.—*Sun*.

Several articles in Tait, this month, are well worthy of being extracted.—*Blackburn Gazette*.

The best number which has yet been published of this equally honest and clever periodical.—*Dublin Morning Register*.

"Rhine Tourists" is a richly humorous sketch; and 'The Harboured and the Witch' is an admirable story by Bunim. There is much pungent wit in 'Marriages are made in Heaven.' We can recommend this as the best number of the Miscellany yet published.—*Aberdeen Observer*.

If the eighth number of this excellent periodical contained nothing else of better note than 'Scottish Verse,' and 'The Harboured and the Witch,' its proprietors might fearlessly place it in competition with any of its brethren; but, independently of these clever articles, there are sixteen others, which would do honour to the pages of the best of them.—*Bristol Mercury*.

This number of the best periodical of the day abounds with useful, as well as entertaining matter. The bold, liberal tone which runs through its pages is quite refreshing, when so many truckling distinguishes what are generally termed the liberal periodicals. It is in the world of magazines what the *Examiner* and *True Sun* are in the newspaper press. It gives pleasure to hear that this Magazine is daily rising in importance and popularity; and it augurs well for the sense, the patriotism, and the discernment of the people.—*Bolton Chronicle*.

The 'Funeral of Sir Walter Scott' is a vivid and touching description. 'Scottish Verse' should be read by every elector in the kingdom.—*Gloucester Journal*.

'Life and Times of a Protocol,' is a capital quiz; and 'Mr. House and the Small Whites,' contains a good 'now and then' for the last Edinburgh Review. All Tait's articles have some strong interest; and a spirited independent strain pervades the Magazine.—*York Mercury*.

The present number contains many excellent articles; among others, a capital description of canvassing for a seat in Parliament, in a Scottish country town. We particularly recommend a perusal of 'The Slaveholders,' the Missionaries, and Mr. Jerome.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

Tait's Magazine, for November, gives an estimate of the talent of 'Cora Law Rhymes'; a powerful sketch of the character and talents of Dr. Chalmers; and the 'Funeral of Sir Walter Scott,' by far the most copious, picturesque, and pathetic account we have yet seen of that melancholy great.—*Liverpool Courier*.

## FRASER'S MAGAZINE, Price 2s. 6d.

For DECEMBER, 1852.

Contents: Whig Foreign Policy—The Annals—Lines written in Despondency—Physiology of the Characteristics of Ancient Races among the Moderns—Captain Forman, Lords Brougham and John Russell—Literary Sketch of William Roscoe, Esq., with a full-length Portrait—The Spectator—Candle—Some Features in the Life of an Idler, No. IV.—The World of Dreams—Walter Vain the Sanguine—The Book of Aphorisms, by an Oriental Author, with a Running Commentary by Sir Morgan Earle—Appeal of the King of the Netherlands to Heaven—Historical Document, No. II.—The Departed of XXXII.—James Fraser, 215, Regent-street.

This day is published,

## BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCL. for December, 1852.

Contents: I. The Lady of the Greenwood Tree, A Legend of Transylvania—2. Passages from the Diary of a late Physician, Chap. XIV. The Magdalen—3. Tom Cringle's Log, Chap. XVI. The Pirate's Lesson—4. The French Revolution of 1830—5. The Census, Chap. IV. Augustine—6. Bristol, The Trial of the Magistrates, and Reaction among the Operatives—7. The Farwell to Earth, By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley—8. Not Now! By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley—9. The Monument, By Mrs. Hemans—10. The Early Death, By the Honourable Augusta Norton—11. The Naticas Story-Teller—12. The Burial of the Mighty, By Mrs. Hemans—13. Parton of the Kingdom of the Netherlands—14. The Age of Wonders, or, the New Wing War.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and J. Cadell, Strand, London.

This day is published, price 6s., No. XIX. for December,

## QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, AND OF THE PRIZE ESSAYS AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, Strand, London; and W. Curry, Jun. and Co. Dublin.

## THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY for December, price 1s. 6d.

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